ISSUE #1 – SAVE IT

dirt

fuel for young men

SON OF Sassy

NORMAL?

Crispin Glover's world
Penn and Teller's blister removal
girls **avoiding** you
men who set themselves on **fire**

ABNORMAL?

Queensryche's success
your attitudes about **sex**
Jeremy Roenick's puck
Crispin Glover's world

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WHAT

UP, JO

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T'S
SK?
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HARE

d i r t ™

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On the cover: Crispin Glover, whom we interviewed the hell out of. Or, contortionist Buster Halterman. Yes kids, that's right—two limited edition covers! Collect them all while supplies last! Photos: Spike Jonze.

On this page: A girl with the word "contents" written across her forehead. Photo: Spike Jonze.

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TEN

the album

ALIVE + EVENFLOW

the songs

EVERYWHERE

the tour

PEARL JAM

the band

Produced by Rick Parashar and Pearl Jam. Mixed by Tim Palmer for Worlds End (America) Inc. Management: Kelly Curtis for Curtis Management. Cultivate The Pearl. Go Knicks!

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what**gives**?

Staff meeting.

DIRT, thank you very much, is now quarterly. Hot damn. You've got issue one, volume one in your clutches. The prototype issue (flaming TV on cover), which we sent out with the September '91 installment of our sister publication, *Sassy*, caught the interest of enough of you guys to warrant the special newsstand test we cranked out a month later (Beastie Boys on cover). Which in turn did so well, sales-wise, it triggered a chain of bizarre events (gray whales migrating off the coast of Iowa, UFO sightings, no Poison videos on MTV for three days in a row, candy falling from the sky in rural California desert towns), leading up to the cloudy afternoon in December when I wrote this editorial looking out my front window, watching the neighbor's big yellow dog pause on my front lawn to take a dump, then get back to his busy schedule of running around in erratic, loopy circles.

Anyways, that is where we stand. Magazine quarterly, turds hardening. The editorial staff is still us—Jenkins, Jonze and me (Lewman)—I was debating whether it would be ego-flexing to label ourselves a trio of highly skilled craftsmen, but you know what? The hell with it. We are highly skilled craftsmen. Occasionally we don't know what we're doing (okay, okay—*MOST* of the time we don't know what we're doing), and so our rather squirrelly methods of magazine assembly have begun to earn us a reputation of sorts around here, if you catch my drift. We'll get the hang of it sooner or later, though. Probably. In the meantime, bear with us and remember that in the unlikely event of a water landing, your seat cushion will act as a flotation device.

Thumbs up to those who sent letters and returned the surveys after sampling our test issue(s). You helped save us from journalistic purgatory, and for that we thank you. The existence of *DIRT* is evidence enough that a general interest magazine aimed at people like yourself is way overdue. Getting it to happen was the hard part, and churning these issues out is going to be the great part. Stick with us and we'll take you places, Bucko. Long live youth. —Lew

QUOTE TO LIVE BY, OR FORGET INSTANTLY: *"Wise men make proverbs, but fools repeat them."*—Samuel Palmer, 1710.

SOUNDTRACK (this issue produced under the influence of...): fIREHOSE, *flyin' the flannel*; K.M.D., *Mr. Hood*; Metallica, *Metallica*; Soundgarden, *Badmotorfinger*; Herbie Hancock, *Watermelon Man*; Nirvana, *Nevermind*; Jonathan Richman, *live show @ Bogarts 12/15/91*; Fugazi, *13 Songs*; Pixies, *Trompe le Monde*; Thelonious Monk, *Misterioso*

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Her voice will set you reeling. Her piano and lyrics will shake your soul. This is the first solo album from an extremely talented artist. Features the first single "Silent All These Years," "China" and "Crucify." "Invigorating and consoling. Tori Amos has nothing to declare but her own genius." -MELODY MAKER

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On Atlantic...Cassettes and Compact Discs. Management: Arthur Spivak/Spivak Entertainment

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public access

EDITOR'S NOTE: There was a survey (PROBE) that appeared in the prototype of *DIRT*. Those of you who filled it out had some good things to say, so we've included a few choice selections in here (comments from individual surveys in regular type, **random information* about the individuals in italics). As of now, we need **letters** and you need a place to speak your mind. This is it—the Public Access column. Keep in touch and/or keep us in line. Those with comments on the state of the magazine, the state of the world, or the state of Minnesota can write to us c/o PUBLIC ACCESS, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 2460, Los Angeles, CA 90036. Next time around I'm sure we'll have thousands of potentially ideal letters to choose from, right? I thought so. Lick those stamps and mail that mail.

SURVEY SAYS... GENERAL COMMENTS

I always read my sister's *Sassy*, so I read *DIRT*. The appeal of *Sassy* lies in the fact that any girl can read it. So far, all you're appealing to is the California, skateboarding, funky, terminally hip, long-haired, earring-wearing, environmentally concerned type. Appeal to a broader base but retain the ideology that you wish to have. So far so good, but don't try to be too hip.

** candy of choice: Goldenberg's Peanut Chews.*

** $120 for a cool dog?: "You never pay for a dog."*

William T. Gargan
Merrick, New York

I like chicken pot pies.

** MTV's one good program:* ***Buzz Bin.***

** subscribes to:* ***Car Audio & Electronics, Car Stereo Review, Fangoria.***

Josh Grinolds
Naples, Florida

You try to reach out to us. First you pick a poor medium, then you do it in the style of a female magazine, then you keep advertising things to pay for production costs when only the most pretentious, choke-on-their-own-spit kind of guys care enough to actually buy it. If you're out to make a buck, go away. For a more altruistic motive, thanks, but try again.

** age: 17.*

** three great sports: There are no great sports. That they are sports makes them pathetic.*

Kylian Robinson
South Windsor, Connecticut

The magazine was basically cool, just keep it aimed at teens, fun, interesting, upbeat, to the people. Guys, that is. You're on the right track.

** concerned with: Getting a girlfriend.*

** one of three best bands in world: Steve Miller Band.*

Greg Fedon
Warren, Michigan

I can't believe I actually filled this out in detail.

** shirt of choice: "Anything clean."*

* *second-favorite article in **DIRT** prototype: Name: Ian MacKaye.*

Elliot Homm
Queens, New York

The Who should have been one of the tape choices.
* *prank phone calls: Left it blank.*
* *cologne of choice: Samba.*

Pete Bothner
Brick, New Jersey

Cut & Dry was way cool! I know many of your future readers are coming from *Sassy*, so it'll be hard to reach them without ripping off your sister mag. But all I have to say is so far, so good. And it's about ****ing time.
* *whose head is on the dime: Roosevelt?*
* *currently using for transportation: 1987 Yugo.*

Walter Miller III
York, Pennsylvania

I must confess to be being part of the plethoric mass of consumers who use the term "mayonnaise" when actually referring to "Miracle Whip" salad dressing.
* *know anyone famous: Perhaps later in life.*
* *spends money on: Hair dye.*

Mathieu Wilkins
Sierra Vista, Arizona

Why didn't anybody come up with this idea before? When can I subscribe? Take my advice: Make *Junk Drawer* longer, more *Name:* articles, have Morrissey interview Axl Rose, and pat yourselves on the back.
* *is concerned with: Using condoms.*
* *wears: "Air Jordans, cut off Levi's, and suntan lotion in the summer."*

Steven Carnes
South Bend, Indiana

Oh yes way. *DIRT* is finally here, and it rules. Good work. Keep it up or I'll kill you.
* *three ruling actors/actresses: Bob Keeshan (Captain Kangaroo), Bruce Lee, Fran Tarkenton.*
* *earns per week: $100.*

Bob Stopps
Lincoln, Illinois

I can't remember the last time I picked up a magazine and actually made it all the way to the end without noticing something stupid inside. I made it to the last page of DIRT, turned around, and reread the whole thing. It is stupid, as in stoopid fresh.
* *favorite restaurant: Union 76 Truck Stops*
* *global issue of concern: censorship*

Larry Brownstorm
Fort Meyers, Florida

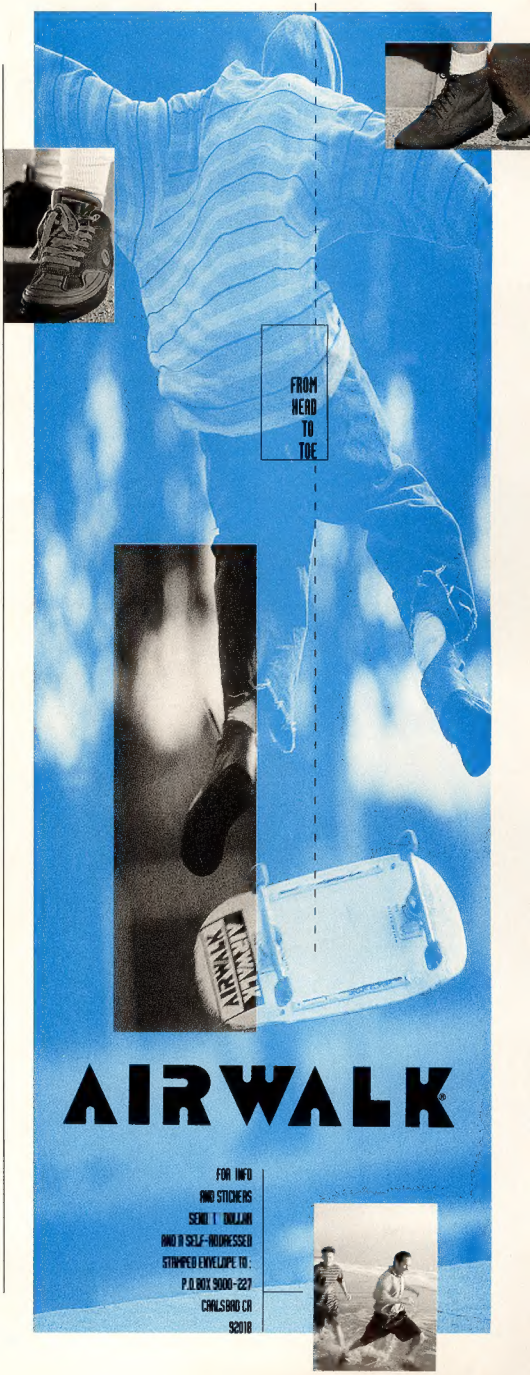
WARNING

Pre-advised via fax
December 23, 1991
Spike Jonze, *DIRT* magazine
5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 2460
Los Angeles, CA 90036
Re: *River's Edge*/Crispin Glover Film Footage License Request

Dear Spike;
This letter shall serve as notification that *DIRT* magazine does not have the permission of Hemdale Film Corporation to utilize any stills of Crispin Glover from the above-referenced motion picture. Any such unauthorized usage of any still from *River's Edge* will result in legal penalties.

We wish you the best of luck with your project. Please feel free to contact Hemdale in the future regarding additional requests.

Very truly yours,
Morella L. Bello
Business Affairs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JUNK DRAWER

Loose ends, novelty items and occasionally essential information.

throw backs

what goes around, comes around.

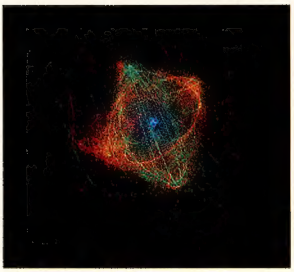
JIVE CARS There are three kinds of cars:

1) Classic cars, from the era boasting streamlined, dangerous-looking fins. Real leather. White-wall tires. You get the picture.

2) Jive cars. Those obtuse beasts featuring the comfort, not to mention the parking dilemmas normally associated with Scandinavian ocean liners. Basically anything Detroit made between 1971 and 1977.

3) Modern cars. This constitutes any vehicle you can trust enough to drive across state lines without worrying about it breaking down (i.e. brand new cars).

Currently Jive cars are out there in nauseating abundance, haunting suburban cul-de-sacs and garages: four-doored, vinyl-topped, V-8 equipped hulking chunks of history. Ford LTDs, Chrysler Newports, Olds Delta 88s, Dodge Dusters... the list is long and ugly. Prices and mechanical condition/trustworthiness of auto will vary wildly. Gas mileage is a bogus factor; filling the tank with leaded fuel runs the car for three days of casual driving, tops, and costs somewhere in the neighborhood of a lobster dinner at current market price. Damn. But ease 6 to 12 close personal friends into the bench seats and you've got ample gas money, not to mention you qualify as a source of public transit. Turn up the Delco AM radio and hit the streets, flaunting the days of bygone luxury so hard that it almost hurts. –Lew

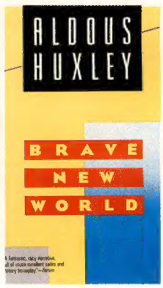


LASERIUMS Neck-straining, eye-watering delights await those brave enough to enter the ominous dome of a Laserium—sounds like someplace your aunt gets her unsightly bunions removed painlessly, right? Guess again. For the price of a movie and in about half the time, you can witness a sort of indoor fireworks display choreographed to music—varieties of rock and roll, classical, or dedication-oriented shows like Pink Floyd, Rush, U2 and the Doors. It's all done by firing intense multicolored laser beams of light into the domed ceiling, *Star Wars* style. The laser displays are just cool enough to start getting boring by the end of the show. But hey, it's still pretty good and definitely looks trippy. A date to mark in your calendar: November 19, 1973–the world's first laser show opened in Los Angeles at the Griffith Park Observatory (note: Laseriums are notoriously found in conjunction with planetariums), making this the longest-running theatrical attraction in Southern California history. Cities with Laseriums include Los Angeles, Boston, San Francisco, San Diego and Denver. –Lew

BRAVE NEW WORLD "A satirical novel describing a scientific and industrialized utopia in which [Henry] Ford and his standardized Model T are worshiped."

That's what you will read as a brief description of *Brave New World* in the *Book Review Digest* of 1932, the year Aldous Huxley's fictitious future was released by Doubleday for $2.50. A future that begins with the father of the assembly line, Henry Ford–the World State's "God." Set in the year A.F. (After Ford) 632, this is a time in which babies are born from test tubes and raised in "hatching and conditioning centers" to perform specific predetermined duties as adults. Motherhood and family are unheard of–or at least looked upon as primitive or "savage"–and books dating pre-A.F.150 are banned. *Brave New World* itself was banned in Baltimore and Boston in the 1950s on the grounds of obscenity.

Reading *Brave New World* in the '90s is just plain scary. It will blow your mind. Why? Because although it is called science fiction, this story is possible and in some ways actually foreshadowed the future–the rise and fall of Adolph Hitler, an individual obsessed with the idea of producing a "master race," and the advent of genetic engineering are just a couple of examples. In fact, 15 years after the book's release Huxley wrote in an updated foreword for a newer edition, "Then [1932], I projected it [*Brave New World's Utopia*] 600 years into the future. Today it seems quite possible that the horror may be upon us within a single century." Read this book. –Mel Bend



Photos: Spike Jonze

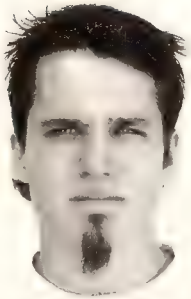
Your problems are our problems, and girl problems are the worst. We're putting together a task force of sharp females to aid you in questions and concerns about sex, love, relationships and anything in between. Why would these girls know anything more than you would on the subject? Because they're girls, that's why.
Send your problems in an envelope to: *DIRT* c/o "Dear Girl", 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 2460, Los Angeles, CA 90036

cut & dry

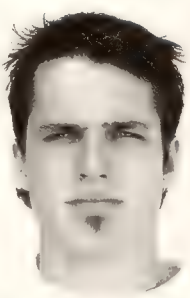
Face: Jeff Tremaine Shaving: Jeff Tremaine and Gillette Photos: Spike Jonze

▲ The Devil (Girls find me dark and mysterious).

▲ Beatnik (I groove with Jack Kerouac and blow a cool horn, Daddy-O).



▲ Anthrax Guy (I don't play guitar, but I'm still down with Scott Ian).



▲ The Minimalist (Minimum growth required to get me into art school).

We don't know if you want to grow anything on your face, but if you do, here are some options. Otherwise, use this as a quick guide for stereotyping the facial hair subculture. --Spike

Hypothetical situations with celebrities. Jeff Tremaine calls it...

TWO MEN ENTER, ONE MAN LEAVES

Just don't forget your sense of humor. Let's go...

Who would win in a fight: **Ian Ziering** (Steve on *Beverly Hills, 90210*) with a two pound bag of Skittles, or **Ann B. Davis** (Alice from *The Brady Bunch*) with a bronze souvenir of the Washington Monument?

Note: The battle takes place in the back of a ***UPS van*** *traveling at 60 m.p.h. through downtown San Francisco.*

DON'T PUT THAT IN YOUR MOUTH

Photo: Spike Jonze

***Megan Baltimore** ponders what makes tastelessness taste so good, briefly reviewing the best of the worst candy currently available over the counter.*

Why is the thought of eating vomit, boogers and germs so darned tantalizing? It seems as if everything we were told not to put in our mouth as we grew up is now sold in sugar form. After sampling these vile gems I'm convinced that you can't go too far.

The booger/snot theme seems to be a favorite with candy companies. Urban legend dictates that we all know of at least one kid in class who had nowhere to put that special little delicacy he extracted from his nose...so he ate it. The Confex candy company keeps this feeling alive with **Stretchy Boogers**; more oddly shaped than Gummi Bears but similar in format and equally tasty. Although the individual candies are too big to feel like the real thing, you can still use your imagination and pretend it's a whole cluster of boogers.

For the cynic who relishes the idea of eating boogers but knows they wouldn't stay soft and juicy after being out of your nose, we have **Pick 'N Chews**. This gum actually comes in a plastic nose, the little treats appearing through the nostrils. They sort of have the same texture as a booger if it was stored on your night stand for a week. The gum is really good but doesn't keep its flavor for very long.

Nasties–which boasts right on the package, "Real germ shapes"–covers a broader spectrum of crudeness: invisible yet repulsive. "Don't touch that, it has germs" is a statement every parent uses at least 5,000 times per child, and can apply to anything from the toilet scrubber to a dead bird in the street. The sugar version of the microscopic troublemakers is actually a very famous candy in a different form. Remember Smarties, those rolled individual tart-tasting pellets? Nasties are the same thing.

Finally, we have **Barf-O-Man**, which I find to be a stomach turner. Vomit is bad enough when it's fountaining out of your mouth, but the idea of it going back *in* seems a small chunk worse. The dispenser is a small head and the "vomit" is served up right through the mouth. I think it should be called Drool-O-Man because it sort of drips out, and the actual candy is more like a syrup, not the warm, lumpy texture normally associated with puke.

Megan Baltimore is taller than the average bear, sells skateboard wheels for a living and is an avid fan of all things sugar-coated.

nonfiction

a **grab bag** of truths

Compiled by Dean Kuipers and Lew

The **Ice** men cometh. That's **T** and **Cube**, for those who are familiar with the exploits of rappers and actors **Ice-T** and **Ice Cube**, both of whom have teamed up for a summer '92 release film by **Walter Hill** called ***The Looters***. Bang bang bang... Speaking of bangs, there are an average of 12 to 18 nuclear-style bangs per year happening in the Mercury, Nevada, desert because that's where the US and Britain test explode some of their hydrogen bombs. The **Hundredth Monkey** (named after the phenomenon that when a certain number of people grasp a concept, it becomes easier for everyone thereafter to learn) will protest this with a large concert April 10–12 in Las Vegas, a mass camp through the desert April 13–18 and a direct action at the test site on April 19. Contact 504 A Emerson St., Palo Alto, CA 94301 (415) 321-1994 for further information... Special secret song inside. If you don't have **Nirvana**'s major label debut ***Nevermind*** by now, then never mind. But if you happen to have a CD made after the second pressing, about 10 minutes after the 12th song there's a hidden "bonus" track that was fumbled by the technicians and left buried way at the back of the disc. Fast forward to find... The **Beastie Boys**, as seen on ***DIRT***'s prototype-issue cover, have opened a clothing store in Los Angeles with **Nickelodeon**'s ***SK8 TV*** host **Skatemaster Tate** that features cool stuff like **Adidas** shoes, **Ben Davis** shirts and pants, **Carhartt** jackets and their own line of industrial B-Boy garments. Store name? **X-Large**. Send two bucks for a catalog to 1766 North Vermont Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90027... **Sony** will introduce a **Walkman** with wireless headphones in February or March. They were feeling particularly secretive when pushed on the subject, but said it should be out by the time you read this... In the new movie ***Clearcut***, Indian actor **Graham Greene**, who played Kicking Bird in ***Dances With Wolves***, kidnaps and tortures a paper mill owner who is clearcutting (completely chopping down all trees) the forest near a native village. The scene where he skins the mill owner is especially gruesome. On the other hand, Thunder Bay, the Lake Superior location where the film was shot, is gorgeous. Moral dilemma: Which character is more violent?... **Corrosion of Conformity**'s latest release, ***Blind***, not only contains scathing new breed punk-meets-metal mayhem, but check the liner notes on the record to find addresses of groups that make a difference: **Amnesty International**, **Greenpeace**, **People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals**, **Refuse and Resist!**, **Klanwatch Project**, **Native Nations** and the **National Abortion Rights Action League**. Righteous... Feature-length films on the way: ***Dracula***, starring **Gary Oldman**, **Winona Ryder** and **Keanu Reeves**. ***The Flintstones***, starring **Fred**, **Wilma**, **Barney** and **Betty. *Wayne's World***, starring **Wayne** (**Mike Meyers**) and **Garth** (**Dana Carvey**)... Surf the toxic tube. In Humboldt, CA, the **Surfrider Foundation** beat Louisiana-Pacific and Simpson Paper with a green stick. In September 1991 these paper mills agreed to pay $5.8 million in fines and redesign their facilities to the tune of $100 million dollars. You need not shred to join the Surfrider Foundation,17,000 strong. Contact PO Box 2704, Huntington Beach, CA 92647 (714) 960-8390.

Dean Kuipers has a mustache and chronic garlic breath. His work has appeared in famous magazines and newspapers far and wide.

Never mind the bonus track. Nirvana's Kurt Cobain, live.

This spot might pop up occasionally in *Junk Drawer*. Look for a wide conglomeration of things people do to satisfy their need for gainful employment. Fulfill their calling. Make money. Yep, a regular medley of

ODD JOBS by jenkins

Photos: Spike Jonze

OCCUPATION: Personal Bodyguard/Security Guard.

EMPLOYEE: Jesse James. Yes, a direct descendant of the outlaw—his great-grandmother was Missouri Ann from the Oklahoma Territory and the original Jesse and Frank James' aunt, with whom they used to occasionally hide out. Really. His dad (Frank) and his uncle (Jesse—the first names stay in the family) both grew up in Compton in Southern California.

TRAINING: Attended an anti-terrorist school for 11 months. "We did all kinds of scenario training," says Jesse. "And gun training." Owned his own firm providing security for rock shows.

FORMER CLIENTS: Madonna, Jack Nicholson, Danzig, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ricki Rachtman, Slayer. "When they hire someone like me they don't give me directions. I know my shit so I tell *them* what to do. I've been through every aspect of the security business, from working steel strikes (riding strikers out of the plant while they're throwing dynamite at us), to undercover investigation. So concerts don't really pose much of a risk."

JOB HAZARD: "I've got a license to carry guns. Actually in the last year I've mellowed out on carrying a gun. Some of the high-risk people I've worked for in the past have told me I should always carry a gun no matter what because you never know when you're going to need it. But I try to be really cool to everybody. If it gets down to someone's being an asshole I'll just have them arrested. I've gotten into some pretty good scraps though. I always let everybody take the first punch. It puts them at the automatic disadvantage—when they're swinging at me they're opened up. But I'm not one of those security guys who has to be turned up to ten all the time, that 'Everybody-sucks-and-I'm-going-to-kill-them-damn-kids-slam-dancing,' thing. I grew up slamming, trying to get on stage with security."

A DAY AT WORK: "With Danzig it was like one thing after the other. Someone will spit on Glenn (Danzig) and he jumps into the audience. Five thousand people just pile on top of him. I remember one time he jumped in and I went in right after him. Landed right on top of him."

ANOTHER DAY AT WORK: "At the beginning of the summer we were in Europe at the Bizarre Festival in Guisen, Germany. I think there were about 35,000 people there. It was a dual headline with Danzig and the Pixies, with Bad Religion supporting. Danzig had gone off and someone said that there was a guy at one of the vending tents that had tapes of the show we'd just finished. That's one thing I can't stand—bootleggers. I just went and I completely lost it. I picked the whole tent up and threw it over. Cut out the generator. Kicked the table. I knocked out all their stereo dubbing decks. The police came to see what was going on and I just walked away. They ended up going to jail."

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*Prices based on store surveys conducted in the Hollywood and Melrose areas, November 12, 1991

NOTES FROM THE LANDFILL

As consumers, sometimes we just have to catch things the way they are thrown at us. Say you are a music lover and CDs seem to be the way to go in order to get the sound quality you want. You buy the CD, look at the box, read the box, tear the box open—only to find the CD case art itself has the exact same material printed on it. Waste, plain and simple. You can either protest and not buy boxed CDs, or find another use for the box to ease your guilt by keeping some cardboard out of the landfill for the time being.

Just open the box carefully after purchase, grab a pair of scissors, cut out fairly rectangular shapes (you can easily get two), write a friend on the back of each, customize the opposite side (or leave it stock with the cover art), stamp it with 19 cents (regulation postcard cost) and give it to the local mailbox. In my years of experience with the U.S. postal system I've come to the conclusion that you can mail just about anything as long as it's bigger than 4" x 5" and has the correct postage.

If you don't have any friends to write (or even if you do, but want a solution to excess packaging rather than just an option to throwing away the box), jot down a quick message to the record company about how wasteful you think their CD boxes are. And remember this when dealing with potential garbage (i.e., just about everything): be resourceful. Think before you throw. —Mel Bend.

ROLLCALL

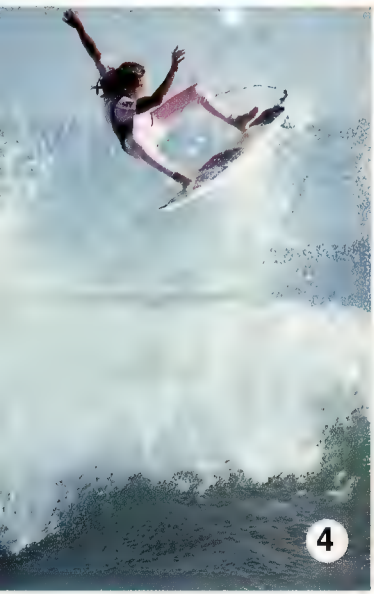
Four guys, one question. This issue we wanted to know...

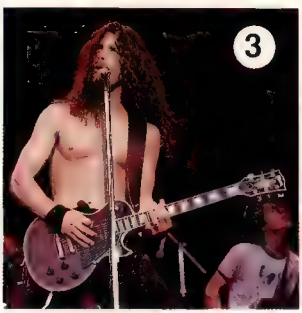
1) KRS-ONE
rap artist and knowledge enthusiast:
"Nobody. I respect the mirror, that's who I respect."

2) CHRIS ROCK
Saturday Night Live cast member and actor:
"Lorne Michaels. I don't know, he's my boss. I respect guys that have been around. He's seen people come and go, you know what I mean? Longevity. I respect Arsenio."

3) CHRIS CORNELL
voice/guitar for Soundgarden:
"Neil Young. For somebody to maintain a career over that length of time and still be in the limelight somewhat, and to have maintained his career with so much integrity—what he does is still vital and interesting. It deserves respect, but it's also self-encouraging. There aren't many people who are that age and can still rock as hard as anybody. He still does, and it still feels like there's some sort of angst in his soul; it's not just manufactured."

4) CHRISTIAN FLETCHER
professional surfer:
"I respect anyone that's an innovator. Anyone that has a mind of their own—in any field: surfing, skating, music, philosophy, whatever. None of those clowns that surf in the contests. They're all the same—they all surf the same, they all look the same. They're all super straight and can't handle anything that's not. I surf differently and they can't handle it so I lose. [I respect] my parents."





Photos 1 & 3: Spike. Photo 2: Edie Baskin. Photo 4: Jeff Divine.

VOLTAGE

ATARI RACE DRIVIN'

Whenever I have time to burn and loose change, I might venture through the dark, glass-door gates of a nearby arcade and into its LED-illuminated darkness. I'll tell you what I discovered on my last quarter-burning adrenaline trip: *Atari Race Drivin'*. It's a sit-down thing. I don't normally like sit-down things but was drawn to this one by the viewing screen, which reminded me of flight simulator graphics. The difference here is that you're looking through the windshield of a car. *Race Drivin's* hard plastic seat swivels out to accept you. After you sit, you swing into the cocoon-like cockpit in front of a screen. Gripping the wheel you'll notice the only drawback: It's three quarters to start *this* automobile, though I've heard from a friend in Austin, Texas, that it's only 25 cents at his local arcade. Anyway, once you've pumped in your hard-earned coins, you face two sets of choices: what kind of car and what kind of track. You have the choice of automatic or five-speed manual transmission. I suggest you take the automatic first until you get used to the layout of the track you choose, which should not be the Autocross version—you'll get this boring one on your drive home, so avoid paying for it here. Go for the Stunt or Superstunt tracks and you'll be flying at speeds over 100 m.p.h., around tight cliffs, over drawbridges, into loops and even through a corkscrew. The Stunt track has other drivers, racing both *with* you and driving *toward* you. You'll crash a lot. But that's okay because the coolest part of this deal is the instant replay, which shows a helicopter-view of your death. You'll laugh your ass off at your own incompetence... —**Andy**

PLAY IT BY EAR

Back in the day before Trivial Pursuit was introduced, people didn't seem to care much about recycling random information. Thanks to the game, trivia in general has become firmly entrenched in our subconsciouses, to be dredged up occasionally and exchanged in an attempt to one-up others who also retained bits of ridiculous and often unusable facts through endless bouts of T.P. Merely an observation.

Anyway, a record label called Rykodisc has added a new dimension to Trivial Pursuit with their introduction of *Play It By Ear*. Sound. The game is centered around a 99-track CD and a set of cards containing nearly 1,800 questions, so naturally the spectrum of categories that pop up is broad and varied. Sound bites include songs, speeches, movie and TV show themes, sportscasting, tongue twisters, short stories, animal identification, naming musical instruments and more. Unveil it at parties, holidays, when the relatives drop by, or any time there's three or four or more people present who would appreciate this sort of thing. Also fun to do: The game disc provides a delightful background drone to listen to anytime. My mom got one for my cousin Craig as a Christmas gift for $42. She bought it in a record store, but you'll be glad to know you can get it from better toy and department stores as well. —**Lew**

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IN THE FUTURE...

Zero to 60 in eight seconds flat AND you help the environment: In a few years, the first mass-produced electric car will be on the market. General Motors will manufacture an automobile that has a top speed of 75 mph, and it won't cause air pollution because the cars don't run on fuel (duh). They'll also be low-maintenance—no oil changes, tune-ups, filling radiators or replacing spark plugs and filters. Recharging the battery pack will take two to eight hours and will cost about half as much as what you'd spend on gasoline. It'll cost you up front, though: The electric car is expected to be priced somewhere between $20,000 and $30,000.

After a while the novelty of the family trip to Florida or wherever wears thin—if it was ever there to begin with. That should change in about 30 years when, bizarre as it may sound, you may be able to vacation in outer space. A Tokyo-based company is developing a luxury hotel that will orbit the earth. You'll get there by spaceplane, and for $140,000 a night (That the average person will be earning per year by then) you can float around in a "zero-gravity spaceroom." Question: Should you get spacesick, in what direction does vomit go when there's no gravity?

As we all know only too well, the birth control of today is mostly designed for women (no comment). Finally, finally, finally someone is doing something about that. The World Health Organization (WHO) is developing a long-term birth control for men. It works like this: You're injected with a synthetic hormone called testosterone enanthate that stops sperm production by tricking your body into thinking it has more than enough. There are some minor side effects. like weight gain and acne. Studies show it may be more effective than the Pill, which has a 94 percent success rate.

The 3-D movie fad of the 1950s lasted about eight seconds. That didn't stop some nostalgic British inventor from creating the first 3-D TV system. It will work on a standard TV, but you won't have to wear those stupid cardboard specs that were good for nothing besides a paper cut behind the ear. What, however, does TV have to offer that would need so revolutionary a concept? *Facts of Life* reruns?

Sony will introduce a Mini Disc music system this year, which they say will combine the best features of CD players and your Walkman. The Mini Disc will actually be two very compact machines—a recorder about the size of a regular compact recorder, and a pocket-sized playback machine. Sony also claims that it won't be delicate; you should be able to jog without any audible interruptions. There are drawbacks, however: The sound quality of the Mini Disc system won't match a CD's. The 2.5 inch disc designed for the system may wind up replacing audio cassettes (just like CDs turned vinyl into a dinosaur). Also, Sony says that the Mini Disc will be as portable and as shock resistant as a Walkman. Not a selling point in my book since the average lifespan of most Walkmans I've owned is about a year if I'm lucky.

How many times have you almost rear-ended someone because you just had to flip your radio dial? Sanyo has a solution. It's a voice-activated radio, and you program the tuner by recording a series of passwords. So if you find yourself changing lanes at 60 mph at the exact same moment Richard Marx comes on, you shout your password and the radio does the work. Two minor things to remember: only one person's voice can be programmed, and you have to memorize your password. —Maureen Callahan

---

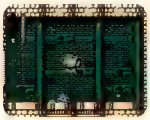
Maureen Callahan is not related to Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, former tap dancer and world record holder of the 100 yard dash backwards.

The recurring saga of B. Otis Link's **Jumbo Human** begins here.

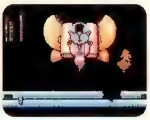
JUMBO HUMAN
BY B. OTIS LINK
JUMBO HUMAN CAME FROM SPACE...
WUP
HE LANDS ON EARTH
THIS GUY IS EGGBERT, HE'S THE NICEST GUY IN TOWN. HE HAS 11 KIDS AND A WONDERFUL WIFE (EVEN IF SHE IS KINDA WORE OUT) HE WANTS TO BE A LIFE LONG CHUM OF JUMBO HUMANS..
QUITE A FALL BIG FELLA HEH HEH
JUMBO HUMAN DON'T UNDERSTAND HE THINKS EGGBERT IS FOOD!
HEY! I CAN'T COME IN THERE, I GOT A WIFE. HOLY SMOKE FER CHRIST'S SAKE!
OH GAWD
I'M HUNGRY
WE LOVE YOU HONEY
BUT THE MAIL MAN'S BETTER...
BUP!
NEXT
JUMBO HUMAN GITS A RECORD DEAL! $ $ $ $ $
CRUNCH!
EAT ME!
EGGBERT'S LIFE FLASHES BEFORE HIS SMASHING FACE! LOOK
PA PA.
JUMBO HUMAN IS SATISFIED.
INTRODUCING THE JH
JUMBO HUMAN LOCO

Mega Man 4... Like Nothing Before

Crash the party at Dr. Cossack's citadel



Toad Man will have you hopping



Rise to new heights with the Balloon adapter

New Enemies like Dr. Cossack. ***"Cruel!"***
New Weapons like the Mega Buster. ***"Devastating!"***
New Robots like Toad Man and Skull Man. ***"Gnarly!"*** Devices like Balloon adapters and Grappling hooks. ***"Handy!"***
Get Mega Man 4—The rest were just warm-ups. ***"Really!"***

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Original Cast—Phantom Of The Opera. (Polydor) **424•333**

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Paula Abdul—Spellbound. (Virgin) **420•257**

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GRATEFUL DEAD	†410-366 (1990) 380-369	*TRIXTER*	410-266 MCA/EPIC	*SQUEEZE* A Round And A Bout	409-078 (1982) A&M	*POISON* FLESH & BLOOD	408-963 (1991) CAPITOL/ENTERSHUN
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HEART Rock The House Live!	428-961 (1991) CAPITOL			*BASIA* BRAVE NEW HOPE	428-722 (1991) EPIC	*CHEAP TRICK* GREATEST HITS	428 656 (1991) EPIC
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SEAL	425-827 (1991) SIRE/WARNER BROS.			*SQUEEZE* PLAY	425-777 (1991) REPRISE	*ROBYN HITCHCOCK AND THE EGYPTIANS* Perspex Island	425-645 (1991) A&M
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HN7-8F-RN-WS-EM

name: jeremy roenick

Photo: Ray Grabowski

Jeremy Roenick plays center for the Chicago Blackhawks and is a rising star in the National Hockey League. The 22-year-old Boston native combines the finesse, speed and stick handling of a great goal scorer with the aggressive, fearless attitude of hockey's hardest hitters. The following post-morning-practice locker room conversation was recorded on one of those micro-cassette things reporters use.

by daniel field

DIRT: Who got you into hockey?

Jeremy: Friends that I hung out with when I was younger. I just went along to keep them company and have some fun, and it got to the point where I took it seriously.

DIRT: Was it kind of weird going straight out of high school into hockey?

Jeremy: Extremely weird. It's really hard to jump to the NHL, especially with the caliber of players in this league. Coming out of high school it was extremely difficult, but it was also extremely fun at the same time.

DIRT: Last night you had four assists. Is that as satisfying to you as four goals?

Jeremy: Oh yeah. Just winning is as satisfying as four goals. It's team first, so the more we win hockey games the better the atmosphere is around here.

DIRT: Do you think the league should ban fighting?

Jeremy: It's something that's always going to be in the league. I think it brings a lot of the fans in to watch hockey games, and it gets some of our guys into it. I don't think it will ever be banned; I think it's just part of the game.

DIRT: Do you ever have nightmares about hockey?

Jeremy: No, never. It's always nice dreams (laughter).

DIRT: Do you get burned out when there's several games in a short period of time?

Jeremy: Yeah, very often. Especially in this caliber of hockey, the pace you go on and you're always traveling and you get real tired real quick. You do seem to get burned out very fast.

DIRT: Do you think the average player is underpaid?

Jeremy: Definitely underpaid. In this profession you get hurt all the time, and you travel, and you play 80 games a season. The pace we play at, yes, a lot of the guys do get underpaid.

DIRT: Is it true about "rookie initiations" in the NHL? Did any of those pranks or rituals happen to you?

Jeremy: We don't have it here [in Chicago]. We just have to pay for [veteran team mates'] meals and stuff, that's it.

DIRT: What's the best prank you've ever pulled on anyone?

Jeremy: You have your little stuff, you know. Put the tape on the bottom of the skates, cut out their jockstrap, put Heet into their jock, put shaving cream on the

phone...shit like that, but nothing really major.

DIRT: What's the wackiest thing you've ever seen?

Jeremy: I've seen people with their pants on backward walking down the street not knowing it, people with their shirts on backward, just stupid stuff like that. You know, I don't really notice too many of those things.

DIRT: What do you have to say about hockey groupies?

Jeremy: Hockey groupies are pretty much the same as all kinds of groupies. They hang out, they want autographs all the time, they want to go out with you, be seen with you. They just seem to hang around a lot.

DIRT: Are you glad that you didn't go to college?

Jeremy: Well, I'm not glad. Glad is not the word. I miss parts of college. It was tough, but I found out a lot of things here that I wouldn't have had in college, so I think that either way it's what's best for the individual person, and I think here is what's best for me.

SPEW FORTH THESE FACTS THE NEXT TIME A CONVERSATION ABOUT HOCKEY ENSUES AND YOU FEEL THE NEED TO GET IN YOUR TWO CENTS' WORTH:

● The NHL started 75 years ago with only four teams. Today there are 22 teams, and each team plays an 80-game regular season with the top 16 teams advancing to the play-offs. Losers are eliminated until the final two teams play a best-of-seven series for the league championship and the Stanley Cup.

● The Stanley Cup is presented to the winning NHL team each year, and every player on the winning team gets their name engraved on the trophy, so every year the trophy grows as metal plates are added, kind of like a metallic Chia Pet. Presently the Cup is three feet tall and has weathered the test of wild times. From being accidentally misplaced (lost for nearly a year), to being kicked into a river, to being used as an ashtray and gum receptacle, to being taken to bars to impress strippers, the Stanley Cup is the baddest mutha of all sports trophies.

● Until recently, some players would have all their teeth pulled out early instead of waiting for a stick, puck or stray fist to do it. Full dentures would then be constructed with the yanked choppers. Imagine the possibility of practical jokes for an entire hockey team equipped with dentures.

● Here is a rather bloodcurdling tale about dentures. Former Chicago Blackhawks player Troy Murray once took a puck in the teeth and began choking and heaving up blood. In his struggle to breathe, Murray swallowed the denture bridge that had been lodged in his throat and was able to breathe again. Minor surgery was required to remove the bridge from his stomach, and Murray was back in action for the team's next game.

The Railroad Retirement Board is located at 844 Rush Street, Chicago, IL 60611. Although Daniel Field lives in Chicago and has a full HO set of the Rio Grande line in his basement, he has never been there.

name: kim deal

Photo: Spike Jonze

"HAVE YOU HEARD THE PIXIES YET?" my friend Bernie asked. Or maybe it was Roger. Or Kevin. Tod? There was a buzz. The record was their second, *Surfer Rosa*.

"No," I answered. But within a week I had it and things haven't been the same since. Here was a mixture of sounds I'd somehow been missing. I had no idea there was such a big gap in my music listening. The Pixies showed me that hole, then filled it up with their fierce yet dynamic guitar sounds, yells, yowlps, whispers, harmonies and fractured song structures. Added bonus: I understood their occasional use of Spanish. Muy bueno.

That was in 1988. Now it's 1992 and three albums later. During those five albums I found my attention grabbed by the swaying, big bass sound, occasional vocal harmonies and sometimes vocal leads—Kim Deal's quarter of the band. Credited as Mrs. John Murphy on albums one and two, she explains, "I was married, I'm an ex now."

My curiousness is being satisfied at last, even if it's just over the phone. I've found her on the road in the midst of their current album's (*Trompe le Monde*) tour in Boston, her former home. Says Kim: "You know, this is where everybody met but nobody lives here except Joe [Santiago—the guitarist]. Two of the guys live in L.A. and I live in Ohio with my sister Kelly."

It was in Boston six years ago that she answered the ad for a female bassist "into Hüsker Dü and Peter, Paul and Mary." She'd been in town for a week. "I've played guitar longer than I've played bass," says Kim. "Kelly played bass and she had one so I guess I brought it over to Boston for that." She made it into the band and the Pixies began. "We used to practice in my bedroom," remembers Kim. "It was a pretty big bedroom. Then we tried to set up with drums in the cellar but the old lady running the house got mad about it. So we had to get the drums out of there." Meager beginnings.

Meagerer still were the pre-Pixie days in Ohio when Kim played Hank Williams covers with Kelly, who happens to be her identical twin. "I don't think the guys even know this, but we played a truck stop. It's really embarrassing. I think we played a Ground Round too. They're like Sizzler except they serve mixed drinks." How was the reception? "You know, I don't even remember. I'm sure I've just blocked it out so life wouldn't be so painful. It was pretty embarrassing when we did it, but right after it we were *really* mortified moving to Boston and going to all these hip clubs. It was like, 'God, I'm such a loser.' But you know, now I think it would be really cool to do some more truck stops. I'm ready now..."

Truck stop gigs to bedroom practice sessions to sellout shows. The quintessential rock and roll story. On stage it's Kim, the lone female member, who gets the shouts from the audience. "Sometimes they say funny things." Example: At one show I witnessed, a fan went so far as to propose marriage; at another, a fanatic ran onto the stage and kissed her. Does she ever get used to it? She replies simply, "No." And what about the Pixies' success? "You know, really I don't even think about it. I know that sounds stupid... It happened pretty quickly but it did come gradually. You work hard enough that it doesn't seem surprising. We practiced a lot."

And if life wasn't busy (or successful) enough with the Pixies, Kim has also been simultaneously consumed with the Breeders, a band she pioneered with her twin. Members include Tanya Donelly (of Throwing Muses), Josephine Wiggs (formerly of Perfect Disaster) and Roy Orbison (not *THE*) on drums. The Breeders released *Pod*, their first recording on 4AD in 1990. This cured Kim's need to sing lead and play guitar again: "At first [with the Pixies] it was a lot of harmonies. Then with *Doolittle* and *Bossanova* it slowed down. I think Charles [Black Frances—singer/guitarist] was nervous about my voice being associated with the Pixies product even more than his—we've never talked about this, I'm just guessing. But that's fine because we're doing the Breeders now." Breeders release number two, an EP tentatively entitled *Safari*, was recorded last September and is due out right around now. Maybe Deal will take them out on the road this spring. Hit a few truck stops.

by andy jenkins

YOU ARE ON THE BRINK
OF CHANGE
OF MANHOOD
OF RESPONSIBILITY
OF TAKIN' CHARGE OF YOUR BODY AND MIND
IT'S BAD NEWS TO BE ON THE BRINK
OF DRUGS
OF DROPPIN' OUT
OF UNSAFE SEX
OF CRIME AND HATE
IT'S HIP TO BE ON THE BRINK
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name: billy corgan

BEING A 24-YEAR-OLD ROCK STAR is only the third job Billy Corgan's ever had, and he's pretty good at it. Although he would deny any charges that he is indeed a rock star, Corgan's swirling guitar riffage and accompanying voice have been on the road for ten months straight, touring with the band he fronts and conceived in 1988, the Smashing Pumpkins. The freaked-out start/stop, heavy/soft, supercharged music on their debut album, *Gish*, has won over fans and critics alike, and their live performances are the stuff stage-diving into mosh pits is made of. Billy probably winces every time the Smashing Pumpkins get compared to Jane's Addiction, even though the comparisons are not usually meant to imply that the Pumpkins are a clone band. Both bands rock, both bands think, both bands have strong artistic elements and both bands seem to care less about becoming mainstream through marketing. But whatever. Jane's Addiction is history now anyway.

Ego is another word sometimes associated with the name Billy Corgan. Especially when he says things along the lines of, "I feel kinda like my whole life is pointed in this one direction. The fact that [this band] screws up every relationship I have, strains my family relationship, makes me a bad friend... I've been willing to sacrifice all these things so that I can make great music. That is my absolute primary goal." Could be the words of a self-centered jerk, but his soft-spoken, shy tone and honesty say something otherwise. "I get more out of life just being myself, by just being a human being. Not by being a rock star, not by being whatever. Sometimes I act like a jerk, but I think people respect me for being myself. That's the ultimate thing about the Smashing Pumpkins."

Other things about Billy Corgan: He doesn't buy lottery tickets, has a subscription to *Sassy*, is most likely to purchase Hostess Ho-Hos while inside 7-Eleven and spends most of his money on musical merchandise, such as the ten guitars he owns. He currently makes about the same amount of money as he did at his last job, working in a record store.

Although his father was a working class musician playing R & B guitar for a living, he didn't have much to do with Billy's pursuit of music. Billy got into it because, "I was about 14 years old and my friend started showing me how to play guitar. I listened to so much music that it just seemed like the natural thing to do." What kinds of music? Judas Priest, Black Sabbath, UFO, Cheap Trick, David Bowie, Jimi Hendrix, the Beatles. Those bands formed the roots of his musical influences, but he says, "I draw minimum influences these days. I've created my own self-sustaining machine. There's a point where you go beyond your influences. You break away. It's like moving out of your parents' house or something."

Breaking away and striving to become an individual thinker and person is something he believes in, but he would rather you not take his advice on that. "I believe in the power of the individual. I don't believe in the power of the masses. It seems to me that people as a collective unit are kinda stupid. There's a real need for a better stressing of individual thought and individual freedom and individual perceptions, as opposed to this kind of group movement of consciousness. It kind of disturbs me, you know, that presidents are elected more by innuendo than by specific examinations of their track record. But what I specifically believe in isn't really important. Everyone should come to their own individual conclusions. That's why I don't really stress my own specific individual beliefs, 'cause I don't think they matter to anyone else. If they do, they shouldn't."

Got that everybody?

by mark lewman

Photo: Chris Buck

WHERE IT'S AT

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For mail order information, call 1 (800) 347-4728.

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abNORMAL
PG. 48:
Shirt: Hang Ten; Shorts: Fuct Clothing; Socks: Dickies; Shoes: Vans Style 31 (Athlete's Foot, Footlocker, Wild Pair); Watch: Timex; Pool Cue: Stolen.

PG. 49:
Hickory-striped pullover: Ben Davis from X Large; Knit T-shirt: Girbaud (Nordstrom, Macy's, Dillard's); Jeans: Blind (Val Surf, N. Hollywood, CA; Border Transitions, Niagara Falls, NY; Hot Skates, Orange, CA); Socks: E.G. Smith (Burdines, Macy's, Bloomingdale's); Shoes: Adidas Superstars from X Large (Dr. J's, Modell's, Wings); Watch: Swatch Cronos (Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Jordan Marsh).

PG. 50:
Plaid Zip-Up Jacket: Urban Freedom by International News (Fred Segal, Melrose, CA; Fred Segal, Santa Monica); Long Sleeve T-shirt: Anarchic Adjustment; Jeans: Van Grack; Socks: Hypercolor by Generra (Rich's, A&S, Parisian; Shoes: Oxblood Gibsons by Dr. Martens.

PG. 51:
Cap: Fresh Jive (Funkeesentials, L.A.; Union, NY; Placid Planet, Boston); Necklace: Francesca Vaccarino; Work Trouser: Ben Davis from X Large; Socks: E.G. Smith (Burdines, Macy's, Bloomingdale's); Shoes: John Fluevog Wingtip Brogue (John Fluevog Shoes, Boston; Seattle, WA, NYC).

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PHOTOS ERIK OSTLING & DON CARLISLE

TOTALLY RANDOM SKILLS

by Lew [with PENN & TELLER]

"TOTALLY RANDOM SKILLS, HUH? YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PEOPLE FOR THIS—YOU'VE ASKED US TO EXPLAIN OUR WHOLE CAREERS IN PRINT." —Penn Jillette

The tall guy with the human tooth earring, one painted finger nail and round wire glasses is also the louder of the two. Penn Jillette. The shorter guy usually goes about his business in silence, animating his actions with facial expressions. Teller. They wear matching suits. Collectively they're known as the almighty Penn & Teller, and their performances are a chaotic salad of magic tricks, punk rock, twisted humor and usually some sort of gore or excruciating pain infliction. Hold the croutons. If you've seen them, it was probably on one or several of their *David Letterman, Saturday Night Live* or MTV appearances. We caught their Off Broadway show, *Penn & Teller Rot in Hell*, and knew they were the right men for the job of hosting this month's *Totally Random Skills* page when Penn walked on stage and announced something to the effect of; "Basically we're just a couple of guys who know how to do some cool stuff..."

PENN'S SELF-HEALING BLISTER CRYSTALS

"I think the reason magicians should keep secrets is that some tricks really have ugly solutions that aren't very interesting. No 'Ah-HA!' Just kind of a sloppy gaffer's-tape-and-coat-hanger thing that really isn't very satisfying. And in that case, you're best not to tell people. When you've got a trick with a good solution, you <u>should</u> tell people.

"You probably know that we're obsessed with pseudo-science—people who lie to other people. Especially those who do it professionally. In our personal lives, it goes much much much further. But in our professional lives, it's mostly people who use magic tricks in order to dupe other people. A way of attacking that, often, is to just show people how to exploit the very things that people who claim to have magical powers would do.

"I thought it'd be really cool to show something we did on TV that can not only be a Totally Random Skill to impress people and get power over them but also at the same time can make you a buck or two. And all it requires is a key.

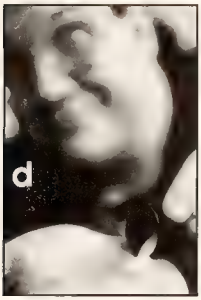
"Pick one with a round hole in the end, and push the hole at the top of the key against your finger, really hard, for a good amount of time [60 seconds]. *What's gonna happen is you're gonna get a little blister there, although it's not really a blister. And then you tell your gullible, dupish friend, the patsy, how you have this blister. You know, you touched an oven, did something. Anything you wanna make up, the weirder the story the better, about how you got this. You didn't scream or anything, you were real butch about it, but you were burned badly. Then you start talking about crystal healing and you pull out some secret powder that you have in your hand—I prefer salt, and I'll tell you why in a moment.*

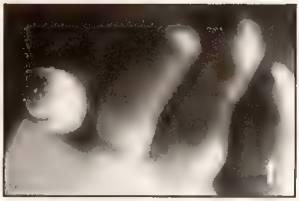
"So you take your little blister and you say, 'Watch this. You've heard of the healing powers of crystals, right? These are crystals that I bought at a health food store, and with just a little bit on that burn... [Penn begins rubbing the salt between his pinched fingers] *you'll see that in a minute or two, it's totally gone away,' which it will right in front of their very eyes. So far, so good. You've healed yourself.*

"Then you sell them a little bit of the crystals for any problem they may have: a little herpes, a cold sore on their lip. And if you do it right, you can take regular table salt, sell it to your friend at a huge profit and get them—hopefully in front of you—to pour salt on

WARNING: Penn & Teller are professionals—you are not. The following are not to be attempted and are included for reading pleasure only. Serious injury could result if this warning is ignored. Salt is painful. Traps are painful. Use your head.

Photos: Spike Jonze





an open wound in your presence, on purpose, after you've made money. Now I don't think you can beat that for a lot of reasons: You're doing anything you can to beat down the so-called 'new age' movement. You've made money—always good. You've made someone look like an idiot. Nothing better than that. And you've gotten them absolutely insulted and humiliated—putting salt in an open wound. I think it's the perfect Random Skill."

DIRT: "Where did you learn that?"
Penn: *"We made that one up. I don't know where else on your body it could work... we could try to find out."*
DIRT: "How did you get into the whole magic thing?"
Penn: *"We met each other, and Teller taught me that magic didn't have to be stupid, that it could actually have some balls to it."*

TELLER'S IRON HAND

"Okay [holding up what resembles a beaver trap], *this is a Totally Random Skill that I acquired from dealing with the traps in our act. You set a trap* [he begins unfolding the ugly steel device on the table]. *Now, the whole skill of this is taking my hand* [he holds his hand over the jaws of the trap] *and putting it into a trap* [he begins lowering his hand slowly] *and letting it spring on my fingers, which looks like this.* [He thrusts his hand into the trigger and sends the jaws clamping shut across his fingers, then screams in pain.]

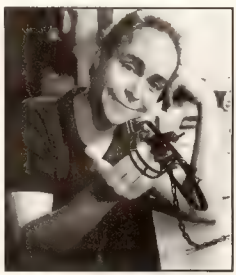
"AHHHHG! OWWWWWWCH! [He stops screaming abruptly and begins unlocking the trap with his free hand.]

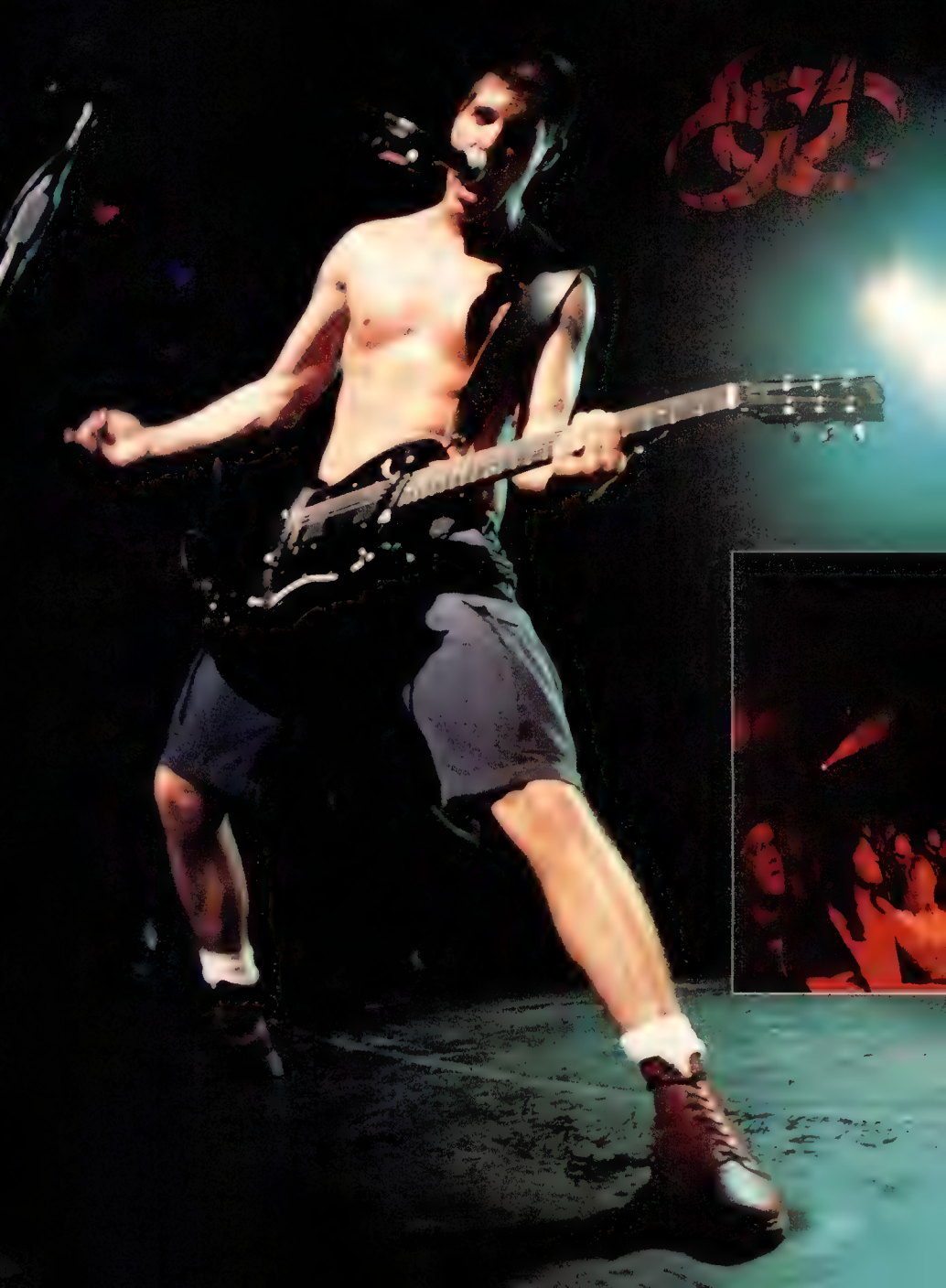
"And of course, the way you do the trick is you just don't mind the pain. That's all there is, you just stick your hand in the trap. These traps were designed not to cut anything off; they're designed to hold the leg of a small animal, which is about the diameter of a finger."

DIRT: "But can't you break your fingers?"
Teller: *"Oh, possibly. I don't know. I never have. The most significant element of this is how you sort of gradually get yourself to do this. For me, this required wrapping my hand in a towel, then putting my hand in a glove, and finally being able to just stick my fingers in."*

> WARNING AGAIN: Don't try these at home. You are not Penn. You are not Teller. They have years of professional experience. Do not put salt on wounds. Do not insert hands in traps. Serious injuries may result. We mean it.

THE OFFER STILL STANDS. If you possess a Totally Random Skill, describe it to us. We don't care how you do it, as long as we can figure it out. Videotape, written word, mechanical drawings, photographs, whatever. You know our address—DIRT, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 2460, Los Angeles, California 90036. If we choose your skill, you score a DIRT T-shirt. You could sort of consider this a monthly contest.





the SOUNDS of MUSIC

Measuring success note by note. The DIRT staff talks to a cross section of musicians and takes a closer look at something you can only hear.

There is a person out there to create every bit of music you hear, every where you go, every day. All of it. In the supermarket. On television commercials. Blasting from a passing car stereo. From that guy absentmindedly whistling on the street. The strains of a cheap AM radio floating out the open door of the barbershop.

Where in the hell does it all come from?

Submitted for your scrutinization, a myriad of people who create a small, small (but nonetheless vital) chunk. Maybe they do it for fame, for friends, artistic expression, even money. They've all got their reasons, mediums and a place to put them—be that place a garage or an arena.

(spread) Biohazard's Billy Garziadei. The Ritz, New York, NY. (inset) Queensryche's Geoff Tate. Long Beach Arena, Long Beach, CA. Photos by Spike.

QUEENSRYCHE

Seattle's FM radio metal kingpins formed right out of high school in 1981 and honed their "thinking man's metal" sound in drummer Scott Rockenfield's basement. They spent the '80s opening for stadium rock legends such as Kiss and Quiet Riot and to date have released an EP and four albums, each one doing a little better than the previous with the help of a spreading reputation as a cool live band and a highly visible video or two on MTV—you no doubt saw *Silent Lucidity* four or five times a day for a while. Their latest LP, *Empire*, went gold within four days of its release and the majority of the arena gigs on the *Empire* tour sold out in advance

Drummer Scott Rockenfield was the mouthpiece for the band during the interview, as it was merely one of those record-the-phone-conversation deals. The rest of the band is Geoff Tate on vocals, Chris DeGarmo and Michael Wilton on guitars and Eddie Jackson with the bass.

Releases: *Queensryche EP* (EMI, 1983); *The Warning* (EMI, 1984); *Rage for Order* (EMI, 1986); *Operation: Mindcrime* (EMI, 1988); *Operation: Livecrime* (boxed set video/CD, EMI,1990); *Empire* (EMI, 1991)

K.M.D.

Rap is the thread holding together a quilt made from every fabric of music. A modern poetry that owes the past for its presence. Nothing on vinyl is safe—anything found in the used bins, at swap meets or in parents' collections is fodder for a DJ's turntables. Listening to K.M.D. will have you hearing anything from *Sesame Street*'s Ernie and Bert to a fictional man named Mr. Hood from an old Spanish instructional album. Mr. Hood's voice is taken out of its original context and woven into conversations with K.M.D.'s members throughout their 1991 debut album, which is even named after him—*Mr. Hood* (and executive produced by 3rd Bass's M.C. Search and Prime Minister Pete Nice). The samples are funny and may seem light, but the message from this trio is heavy: the destruction of black stereotypes. On the cover is an international no symbol over the caricature of Little Sambo.

K.M.D. hail from "Strong" Island, New York, and include brothers Zeb Love X and Sub-Roc and The Birthstone Kid, Onyx.

Releases: *Mr. Hood* (Elektra, 1991); *Black Bastards* (Elektra, 1992)

BIOHAZARD

Heard about them from our friend Rick, saw them live at The Ritz in N.Y.C. and immediately took a liking to their ramrod mosh pit anthems and Brooklyn-inspired metal/punk/street attitude. Of course, seeing a band tear through a tight live set while 1,200 or so die-hard fans create a 300-foot-in-diameter whirling hurricane of human flesh on the floor tends to make a band seem pretty awesome. That night they made headlining veteran punk outfit The Exploited, look and sound like wimps. Untold hours rehearsing, channeling every earned cent into top-of-the-line equipment (wireless guitar systems, stacks of Marshall amps) and the emotional release of the band itself are the ingredients to Biohazard's stage show. At one point guitarist Billy front-flipped from the stage into the frothing crowd, still playing—spontaneous symbolism for Biohazard's full-on assault style and approach to their music.

The band is Evan Seifeld on vocals and bass, Bobby Hambel on guitar and vocals, Billy Garziadei on guitar and vocals and Danny Schuler on drums.

Releases: *Biohazard* (Maze Records, 1990)

JUMP WITH JOEY

The sounds come from a bar called the King King on the corner of 6th and La Brea in Los Angeles. For the last three years on any given Wednesday night a blend of jazz, blues, ska, Latin and even a little Afro-Cuban have seeped out courtesy of the house band—a group of seven musicians named after their leader, stand-up bass player and vocalist Tupelo Joe Altruda. Call them Jump With Joey. Members include co-leader, vocalist and drummer Willie McNeil, pianist Mike Boito, guitar player A.J. Barish and the horn section: Bill Ungerman on baritone and tenor saxophones, Elliot Caine on trumpet, David Ralicke on trombone. Expect to see surprise sit-in guests on occasion, like Fishbone's Angelo Moore.

Guitar and bass are Joey Altruda's instruments of choice, and you can find him just about any night of the week playing them somewhere in the L.A. area with a wide variety of musicians—Jump With Joey is just one facet of his livelihood. Altruda's spent the last 23 years honing his craft—music. And he's not slowing down. He likens all his musical roads to the man in the circus who spins the plates: "Keeping all the music active and perpetuating it... being inspirational to others and encouraging other to participate. We [all] work with each other as well as keeping our own bands going. It's a really nice co-op thing."

Releases: *El Diablo* backed with *Artibella* (independent seven inch, 1990); *Ska-Ba* (Parco Quatro, 1991—available in Japan only. American distribution pending)

FIVE YEAR PLAN

Nineteen-year-old Todd Congelliere is the embodiment of the do-it-yourself youth. He's a believer (consciously or not) in the stand-up idea born as a backlash to the untouchable stadium rock of the early '70s. That, if you have an old guitar in your attic, you are the guitar player. If your friend knows where he can borrow a bass, he's

Photo: Spike Jonze.

Photo: Matthew Hranek

the bass player. The guy who always taps his pencil in class is the drummer. You're mad? Then write about it. Scream it through a crappy second-hand P.A. system. That is punk rock my friends. The stuff Mr. Congelliere subscribes to. His is the American variety, born from the suburbs. The kind generated from anger at a neighborhood that subtly breeds racism, or a high school filled with ridiculous bureaucracy.

Five Year Plan is Congelliere's angst machine. A band he began in his bedroom with two tape recorders in 1988, which has evolved into the current line-up. "My friend Jed plays bass," says Todd. "Dave plays guitars. This guy Carlos that I met at a show plays drums. I sing." Todd puts out F.Y.P.'s sounds on vinyl with his own money under the label Recess Records. Professional skateboarding helps pay for his music jones, which, to date, is not a money-making venture.

Releases: *Extra Credit* (seven inch, Recess Records, 1990); *Made In The U.S.A.* (seven inch, Recess Records, 1991)

WHY THE BAND EXISTS

Scott Rockenfield, Queensryche: "We found that we had a common goal, and that was we liked to experiment in different styles of music and not limit ourselves in what we did, and not do it for anybody else. We just wanted to write music that we enjoyed playing."

Zeb Love X, K.M.D.: "There's three members in the group. Actually, the third member, Onyx, the other MC, wasn't down until recently. It was really me and my brother Sub-Rock. We started in like, '86, makin' wack demos and DJing parties and stuff like that. Eventually we started trying to sample records and write lyrics. That's how we got into hip-hop. Onyx was a kid who used to live around the block from us. He started coming around and we started sharing a lot of ideas—[talking] about problems with society and stuff like that. The goal was to be a positive **K**ause in a **M**uch **D**amaged society. I can't speak for the other two members, but yo, my goal is just to make ill music, depending on how I feel."

Bobby Hambel, Biohazard: "To tell you the truth, we just wanted to play on stage, man, and see what it was like. Our goal wasn't the world. Back then it was New York, Brooklyn. We wrote our first demo tape for our friends."

Joey Altruda, Jump With Joey: "I needed to start a house band for the King King with a ska blues thing. I don't really believe in searching for a guy. I always feel like the right guy is going to show up at the right time. It's kinda like they [the current members] fell into place."

Todd Congelliere, Five Year Plan: "I was just pissed. I can't really talk to people. What am I going to say, 'How's football? How's your construction job?' I don't care, why should I ask? So when we're playing, or someone hears my tape, I'm saying what I want to say right there. I've always liked punk lyrics because everyone has something to say. It's not like, 'I want to sex you up' or something stupid like that. So what. Who cares? Everybody wants to sex everybody up but I'm not going to write a song about it."

EARLY DAYS

Scott Rockenfield: "We just started writing our own material right off the bat, and three weeks later we went into a studio to do a demo tape, the first four songs we'd written together. Put it out on our own record label and got interests from record companies. There was no place to play in Seattle, so EMI came up to watch us play in my basement, and they signed us on the spot. Then the following week we had our first show, which was for 3,000 people. From there on it was basically coliseums and arenas. Maybe it was good that there wasn't any place to play in Seattle 'cause it kept us focused in the basement writing material instead of getting lost in the shuffle of playing top-40 covers in clubs. It made us really strive to be an arena-type band."

Zeb Love X: "We got signed to Elektra through Dante Ross. Before any K.M.D. stuff came out, I did that song with 3rd Bass, *Gasface,* right? I was on tour with 3rd Bass for a year and I got a lot of experience from that. I was like 17 or 18 when I did *Gasface.* Now I'm 20. Those are the years you develop a lot as a man—I learned a lot. Especially traveling. A lot of people don't get to do that; I think that accounted a lot for how I am now."

Danny Schuler, Biohazard: "When we started, we got a manager who was like...the same way we were starting out as a band, he was starting out as a manager. He was a friend of Evan's. He used to bounce and bodyguard and all that stuff at clubs, so he knew a lot of people."

Bobby Hambel: "The first gig was with a band called Prong, at the Pyramid Club on the Lower East Side. There were about 12 people in the crowd: our friends and Prong's friends. Then we started playing CBGB's, started playing bigger gigs. Tried to get around as much as we could."

Joey Altruda: "I've been studying music for years now. I studied in junior college and I've studied privately with some very fine guitarists. I've had a few lessons with some very good bass players. The last five years I've spent going off and on to the Dick Grove School of Music. It's a practical school, a training school for musicians that really gives you hands-on application of music. I went for a year full-time taking composing and arranging, big bands and studio orchestras. There was a lot of jazz arranging involved. This past year I took another course on how to score music for films and television."

(left) Jump With Joey's Willie NcNeil and Tupelo Joe Altruda. The King King, Los Angeles, CA. (above) K.M.D.'s Zeb Love X. Long Island, NY.

Photo: Spike Jonze

Todd Congelliere: "I got a guitar. I never had a lesson. I just put my fingers like this for chords [plays weak riff] and then one day I put my pinky like this [plays what is known in the trade as a power chord] and I went, 'No way!' It sounded powerful instead of 'ching, ching.' In the beginning I had a snare and bass drum and one cymbal. Then I got a little drum pad at Toys 'R' Us for $100. So I eventually started to do my own songs.

"I recorded with two tape recorders. You get the first tape recorder, press record and tape the guitar part. Then you press play [after the guitar part is recorded and you rewind the tape] and get the other tape recorder recording while you play bass over that. It didn't really come off too good—the timing was always off. Everybody always told me to record the drums first but I always start with guitar."

BUSINESS STUFF

Scott Rockenfield: "It's not all fame and fortune, there's a lotta things you gotta do. It's a business, and you'd be stupid not to keep an eye out on your own business and let somebody else handle it, 'cause you can get taken to the cleaners doing that. Our management [Q-Prime. Also handles Metallica and Def Leppard] deals with us directly and we all make decisions together about what we do as a band and how to market ourselves. Then we have a booking agent that does all the tour bookings. And the record company works in conjunction with us and our management in terms of promotional ideas and selling records. It's very much a three-way effort between the record company, us and management. The band is us. Nobody ever tells us what to do."

Zeb Love X: "3rd Bass introduced me to a lot of people in the business. Their management was Rush Management and I got cool with a lot of people up at Rush. So when we signed to Elektra, we signed with Rush also since I already knew the people. They handle... as a matter of fact, I don't know what they handle. No, we have a separate booking agent and he gets the shows. Rush, they set up how much we get paid for the show... they're really the business side. I can't mess with the business side of this thing. I can't really talk with the executives and shit like that. They take care of that.

"They [Elektra] tell me, 'Make radio jams. Make jams people can dance to.' I can't really mess with that. We started making our music for the mind, music to think. I kinda compromised on the next album [*Black Bastards*]; you'll see what I mean. I made it kinda dancy, but it's still the K.M.D. feel. It still flows. But the bottom line is if you don't chart on *Billboard* at number 10 or some shit, you're not large. That's wack, but I really don't care as long as I got my electricity and keyboards."

Danny Schuler: "We recently signed a management deal with Rush Management, who manage, like, Public Enemy. A real management company, and they got money—not that WE got money—but they're very hooked up with people in the industry."

Bobby Hambel: "The only breaks that you're gonna get are the ones you make for yourself. We make big-time money from T-shirts. That's why we got cool merchandise. It's what's gonna keep us on the road. It's advertisement, plus the money will get you that better guitar, so you can put on a better show. This shit is a business. Here's another trick: We're on tour opening for The Exploited. We're going out to the West Coast for the first time, and it's gonna be at the Hollywood Palladium in front of about 3,500 people—our first gig. Instant following."

Joey Altruda: "I pretty much make a living playing music. I keep busy with different facets of it, not limiting myself to trying to make one project work, because most of the time you can't work on a day-to-day basis with the same band—unless you're top 40, or have a hotel gig or something."

Todd Congelliere: "I put out two demo tapes and gave a lot of them away, but I lost a lot of money so I started selling them. But it's something I totally wanted to do, even if I lost money. I have a little baggy where I put all the money that I make from all my records and I don't use it for anything but putting out more records. Like now I'm putting out a record for a band called Garden Weasel and I'm paying for the whole thing. I might be putting out a seven-inch for 20 Floors in a Second Flat too. So basically, I have enough money to do that. Recess Records. No motto, just Recess Records."

UPS AND DOWNS

Scott Rockenfield: "We've had our spats here and there, disagreements, but it's like any good marriage, you know. You make up later. If we could continue to do platinum albums, or just be able to keep doing what we're doing and headlining tours... we wanted to be known for writing really quality records and be known as a great live touring act. We're there [laughter]. We're still working really hard. It's not like once you get it, it stays with you. You gotta work to keep it."

Zeb Love X: "I think everything is still the same [from when we started], it's just the same shit, different day. I learned how to relate to people and how important relationships with colleagues are. And also how important it is to be true to how you really feel, and not to follow a fad or a certain style. Back then I just wanted to do music and be happy with the music. Now... well, that hasn't changed, that's still my conern. But now it's like a financial thing. It's wild. [But] I still wanna make good music and just bug out and have fun."

Danny Schuler: "Right now we want to keep playing to get to the point where we're making enough money to play as often as possible and have our own studio where we can just write music."

Bobby Hambel: "Hardcore shows were cheap shows, kids could afford it. It was somewhere to go where you could be one-on-one with the band; the energy's right

(above) Five Year Plan's Todd Congelliere. Bedroom/studio, Torrance, CA.

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HOW TO START YOUR OWN RECORD COMPANY. With Calvin Johnson.

By Thomas Campbell

Okay, you have a guitar, you take it out, you make a bit of racket. Your friend comes over with another miscellaneous noisemaker and you both drop into a heavy groove. You begin to smile, realizing something is happening. A few more sessions occur and you're really stoked on a few little ditties. You want to cut a single, documenting your sound so others can enjoy your noise machine. How do you do it?

Well, Calvin Johnson is the voice box for the Olympia, Washington, threesome Beat Happening. In 1982 he was in your same position, so he started his own independent label, K Records. Calvin believes in doing it his own way and he thinks it would be great if you did too. Comb through the following interview and find out how to produce your own underground.

Why did you start your own record company?
I was making music and people I knew were making some stuff I liked, so I started K.

What bands has K put out records for?
Nation of Ulysses, Courtney Love, Thee Headcoats, Some Velvet Sidewalk, Unrest, Mecca Normal, Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet and Beat Happening, of course.

What new stuff are you excited about?
We're putting out a single for this band called Heavenly that used to be called Talulah Gosh. They've put out a bunch of stuff. A real groovy, fun, good pop band. We're also releasing a single for Snuff. They're kind of a working class British punk band, reminiscent of Barbwire Love and Teenage Fan Club, this Scottish rock band.

How did you hook up with them?
The singer, Norman, was Beat Happening's tour manager when we did our first European tour in 1988.

When dealing with bands do you use contracts?
Sometimes. Usually it's just a handshake, nod of the head or a grunt. We have agreements with the bands; they're just not always written down.

Describe the record-making process.
First you record your music, then you have your recordings mastered. Your master is sent to a record-making plant, where a lacquer is made. A lacquer is the actual disc from which printing plates are made. The process is called two-step plating. Once the plates are made, test pressings are made. You listen to the disc and make a final check of the printed copy. A certain number of discs are ordered and the printing is completed.

How do you have your covers made?
Well, it depends. If we press 2,000 copies or less, we make covers at the copy store and fold them ourselves. More than that and we send them out to get printed. Covers and record labels both have to be sent to the record pressing plant, so the whole thing can be assembled and packaged.

How do you distribute your records?
There are a lot of different distributors: Revolver, Dutch East India and some smaller ones like Black List, Ajax, Skat.

How did you hook up with distributors?
Just look through some magazines like *Maximum Rock and Roll, Wreck 'N Roll, Option*—there are lots of ads for small distributors. Fanzines are another way to target a particular crowd.

You make tapes too, don't you?
Yeah, we just dub them off here at K. We have six decks so we can make them about that fast. But you can get tapes made at a lot of places. There's a good one in Seattle called Real Time.

What about CDs?
I don't know a whole lot about it. They're real expensive. Right now we're concentrating on putting out vinyl singles. But we'll probably do three or four CDs this year.

Thanks Calvin of K.

SOURCES

For more information about Calvin's own record company, write: K Records, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507, USA.

Record pressers: (West Coast) Bill Smith Custom Records, 127 Penn St., El Segundo, CA 90245. (213) 322-6386. (East Coast) United Record Pressing, 453 Chestnut St. East, Nashville, TN 37203. (615) 259-9396.

Cover printers: (West Coast) Stoughton Printing, 130 North Sunset Ave., City of Industry, CA 91744. (213) 686-2753. (East Coast) Ross Ellis Ltd. Printing, 1133 Broadway, Suite 825, New York, NY 10010. (800) 447-2149.

Record label printers: G & M Graphics, 6211 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90038. (213) 466-1307.

Tape dubbing: Real Time Duplication, 334 North East 89th St., Seattle, WA 98115. (206) 523-8050.

Note: Check sources in your own city before you go with any of the above—these are just suggestions. Shop around. Ask fellow bands where they went and how it worked out; you can learn a lot this way.

K Record's Beat Happening; Calvin, Heather and Bret.

THE MAJOR LABELS. By Lew.

A & R is a music industry abbreviation that stands for "Artist & Repertoire," which basically means an A & R person is a talent scout for a major label and the direct link between the band and the record company. We spoke with one of these human links from the David Geffen Company. Although he wished to stay incognito, his employer has become high-profile thanks to bands like Guns N' Roses, Nirvana (token Nirvana Mention #18) and Aerosmith. Basically, they know a band worthy of signing when they hear one. We asked how it works.

What does the A & R department do for a record company?
Listen to demo tapes sent in. They go hear live bands and travel around the country. They listen to bands on alternative labels, which is the big thing lately. They read the *CMJ [College Music Journal]* charts, they look at the English charts. You keep an eye there, and see what's selling, what's picking up on smaller labels, like Sub Pop in the Northwest, which is where Soundgarden, Nirvana and Mother Love Bone—which became Pearl Jam—are from. You keep an eye on these smaller labels and scenes. They're putting out records that are making big dents in these charts. Or in England, you might see them in the *Melody Maker* or *New Music Express* charts. So you take a look and see who's coming out of nowhere. And you listen to their record, or go see them play live.

Is it common for a band to get signed to a major label without prior experience on an alternative label?
Well, it depends more on the genre of music. There's a network of music for alternative bands you're gonna start out on. Take a band like Dinosaur Jr... their first record was on Homestead, then they moved up to a bigger independent one, SST, then they went on to a major label, Sire. It's just like a farm system. Pop acts or a metal bands don't really have that kind of farm system. It's more like you're going right for the big-time immediately.

What does a pop act or a metal band do?
You do a demo tape, you find a lawyer or a manager, someone who can shop your tape around. Both lawyers and managers can do that. They'll basically shop the tape around to different companies and use their influence. And they'll also help fund your demo tape. You gotta try to make certain you have a manager or someone who'll get A & R people to come and see you live. Even if your demo tape is horrible... I don't know how Guns N' Roses' demo tape was, but live they blew everybody away in L.A. And there was *someone* who got Tom Zutaut [the A & R guy who signed them to Geffen] down there.

Sometimes it's just word of mouth... there's just a really strong street vibe about something, about how amazing a band is. There's currently a band in New York called Helmet, who are about to sign. And even though they had a record out on Amphetamine Reptile Records that wasn't that great,

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Check out Richie's new solo release, *Stranger in This Town*, on Mercury.

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stunt MEN

A closer look at Hollywood's recyclable risk-takers.

By Anonymous Hugh

We've all thought about how fresh it would be to smash through a plate glass window, Uzi in hand, as the embassy guards shower the surrounding air with a hail of bullets. And how many times have you punched the juice on Mom's Buick, fishtailing crazy around the corner, with visions of high-speed chase dancing behind your eyes? Action and adventure, explosions and free-falls, steely smooth nerves in the face of death and fiery destruction—for most of us, it's just a daydream that floats between our ears while we're on the can. For one person, though, it's a lifestyle: The stuntman.

These are the men who take a bullet in the back, a Winnebago over the ravine and a crack in the face so Bruce Willis can make another tough guy pun without a broken jaw. Those faceless individuals who make the *Terminators* and *Lethal Weapons* the fist-flying, car-bending, glass-shattering smoke-and-fire beauties that we all so desperately need to channel our sexual frustration. They are as anonymous as the gaffer; you could sit next to Stuntman Of The Year in the roller derby and never know how close to genius you are. They are tuned bodies instead of chiseled faces, action instead of words, walking away from the set not with a glossy in *People* magazine and a cadre of babbling admirers but the satisfaction of a job well done, a car thoroughly wrecked.

After seeing them in film after film, TV show after TV show, the obvious questions arise: Who are these mystery men? Where do they come from? What are there lives like? Do they wear berets?

I had a cheap little dime-store image of what the stuntman was like before I actually started to get the biz on them. I thought they were grown-up versions of that type we all grew up with: The Complete Disregard for Physics and the Value of Human Life Kid.

The CDPVHLK was that cat who'd come into school every week with a new scar on his face and another finger missing. The kid who'd build a 12-foot ramp over a pit of cinderblocks, railroad spikes and smashed glass, grab a broken ten speed and hit it at mach six, take a vicious Agony of Defeat and emerge from the pit, bicycle wrapped around his face, nose broken, arms fractured, yelling, "*Dude! You got* to try that..." Although, as I found out, this kid is not the basis for the modern stuntman, he does bear resemblance to the ones of yore.

When the first films were made, actors and actresses took their own spills and crashes. As the industry developed and more money came into pictures, this practice was smushed.

"the more you get hurt... the worse you are as a stuntman."

Movie stars were too valuable to put in the hospital. In the quest for someone the film industry could afford to break, the stuntman was born.

The first stunt guys were rodeo riders, daredevil fliers, circus people and regular roughnecks who came to L.A. looking for some dough in the freshly blossoming film industry. This was way before safety standards and lawsuits were in vogue, so they basically got treated like turds and were violently underpaid. One poor homey got five bucks to dive 80 feet off a roof into a nine by five tank of water that was only five feet deep. In other high falls, serious *Tom and Jerry* methods were employed: an early stuntman once plummeted 40 feet, using only a single mattress on the ground to make things comfy.

Like the duck-billed platypus, the stuntman has evolved through history, and these days, they're smaller, faster and more accurate than ever before. Pat Romano is one of these men. He's been falling down and crashing things professionally for 12 years. Once a freestyle BMX trick rider, he got his first calls for flicks that needed bike work. The bike tricks led to a couple of slams, then a motorcycle or two, up to a few cars, and suddenly Pat was a stuntman. From there he's worked his way up to coordinating stunts on TV shows as well. That's the way it usually happens: Guys come to town with a specialty like bikes, karate, gymnastics, high diving or helicopter driving and use that skill to get their foot in the door and their head through the wall.

All stuntmen are members of the Screen Actors Guild, and for pay receive SAG minimum wage, plus extra green on top of that, depending on the difficulty and the risk involved. They're freelance, so their schedule bounces them all over the place, from scene of destruction to scene of destruction. When I talked to Pat, he was leaving for Iowa the next morning to play some kid falling out of a tree for *Rescue: 911*. "It's a lot of different work at different sets during the week. I don't even know what show I'm doing work for. Usually I just know the stunt coordinator, get the rundown and then do it," says Pat. "Some nights I'll be watching TV, see somebody getting punched in the face and say, 'Hey, that's me.'" The pace gets broken up when a big stunt show like *Terminator 2* comes to town, in which Pat was blown up exclusively for a steady three months, or *Rocketeer*, which was good for another five.

I tried to get Pat to say something bad about the job, but he couldn't think of anything. It picks up the babes, too, especially on the set—when your scratched, smoking body emerges from a tangled and burning Rolls Royce, women's heads turn (by the way, Pat wrecked three Rolls Royces one day at the office). Romano owns a lot of equipment, like different ramps for flipping cars in various ways, air bags and stuff like air launchers, which, when stepped on, can hurl a person 30 feet into the air. On weekends, he and his friends might get together with a bunch of cars and ramps for some barbecue-format jump-n-thrash kicks—spark up an air bag, eat a few cheese dogs, then jump off the roof.

Pat's been stunting for a while, but Charlie Picerni has been in town for even longer. In his 25 years in the business, he's earned himself a big pair of shoes. He started out as a stand-in for his brother on *The Untouchables* TV series back in the '60s, and just by hanging around the set with some of the older guys, he got drawn into stunts and learned "the right way." "The problem now," he thinks, "is a lot of guys come in too fast and don't know about camera angles, about how motion pictures are made."

To Charlie, who is an authority in the business, stunts are more than just destroying the car and blowing yourself up. The stuntman has to have complete control of his body and be able to use it as a means of expression in the same way the actor uses his face to convey feelings and emotions. But unlike the actor, the stuntman has to manipulate his body smoothly in the most intense situations. He also has to be aware of how the camera works, because it captures action in a certain way. If you

want to be a quality stuntman, you have to hang around sets and learn how the action is filmed.

From strictly performing stunts, Charlie worked his way to coordinating stunts on major features, like *Die Hard* I and II, the *Lethal Weapons* and *Hudson Hawk*, to name a few, as well as stunt directing about 45 TV shows. As stunt coordinator he's holding the spot every stuntman hopes to be in one day. If the director of a flick wants a blimp to explode and 40 flaming men to leap 100 feet out of it into a wading pool, the stunt coordinator will work with him or her to make it possible. He's the reality broker in the situation: he figures out what can and can't be done, how the blimp should get blown up, how deep the pool should be, and

then he figures out the stuntguy just crazy enough to do it. Stuntmen place entire trust in the coordinator, whose word is the ultimate say.

There are about 3,000 stuntmen registered in the Screen Actor's Guild, and only about seven or eight hundred actually get full-time work. "It's tough," Pat told me. "A lot of guys have been here for years and still have a day job." Reputation goes largely by word of mouth. If you do a good job, your name gets around, and it leads to a boat crash here, a fall out of a plane there. But if you screw up a stunt or people don't like you, that's going to travel within the community also, and it's going to be hard to get gigs.

Stunts are not undertaken in the Wile E. Coyote method, leaving broken rocket skates and burned fur all over the highway. It's all about planning and safety. No matter how insane the stunt, the coordinator will figure out a way to do it safely. There is always a risk, but the goal is to minimize the risk, so there is never a distinct possibility that a stunt will snuff someone, or even injure them. "A good stuntman shouldn't get hurt," Charlie believes. "The more you get hurt... the worse you are as a stuntman."

When I talked to Charlie, he was working as stunt coordinator on *Lethal Weapon 3* and had to choreograph a mondo-symphony car smash stunt the approaching Saturday, with trains, car wrecks and high-speed freeway chases. Charlie had everything meticulously planned, so each driver would know exactly what his part was. The whole deal is meant to be done only once, and several cameras are laid out and the action is recorded from different perspectives. That way, if things don't look fresh head-on, there are a few other angles to fall back on.

If you're starting to think: "*I* want to crash cars. *I* want to get shot. *I* want to fall out of moving locomotives *and get paid for it!*" you've got to consider the reality of the situation. The stunt community is composed of a select few.

Besides skill, stunt success depends on who you know in the business and then a couple of lucky breaks. The only way to do it now, according to Charlie, is to come to town with a specialty. "Guys who ride dirt bikes... fantastic. Because they're well-coordinated, they've got good timing, they're young, they're strong, and if I put a guy like that in a car, I can teach him car stuff in no time at all." So kids, practice in your backyard before you pack your bags to the big city. Other specialties mentioned by Pat and Charlie were biking, gymnastics, rodeo, karate and high diving. Your guess is as good as mine about how you would develop the more obscure specialties like fire work and helicopter piloting.

Another important thing is that you've got find a Yoda: someone older, experienced and wise in the ways of the stunt business. Without the help of someone who's already in, you're going to have a tough time getting gigs. And key, besides the skill, the luck and the guiding hand of a Yoda: You've got to have a personality that people will dig, because no one wants to work with a butt-head.

There are stunt schools in Los Angeles, but word up on Stunt Street via Pat Romano is, "It's not going to help you get a job just because you've got a certificate from one of those schools... a lot of guys really resent them. They're bogus." Seems like the guys who go to stunt school are the same dudes who bought instructional videos to learn how to break dance.

You've also got to consider the existential aspects of being a stuntguy. How will you like it after weeks on end of being blown up, thrown out of airplanes, punched in the face, run over and shot? You could begin to feel like the punching bag of a violence-obsessed world and spend your evenings crying softly to your mother over the phone. It's a bet that you'll feel like the mack-daddy Jones Crusher, though—escaping death every day and doing it all in style.

So next time you're watching Arnold fly through the window, make yourself remember who you're really watching: an ambiguous craftsman practicing his trade. And don't forget that nobody really dies in a *Die Hard*, not even the bad guys.

Anonymous Hugh is the type of guy who'd describe himself to you over the phone as "Brown hair, six foot three, got a scab on the side of my neck and wearing a sweater" if you were supposed to meet him somewhere and didn't know what he looked like.

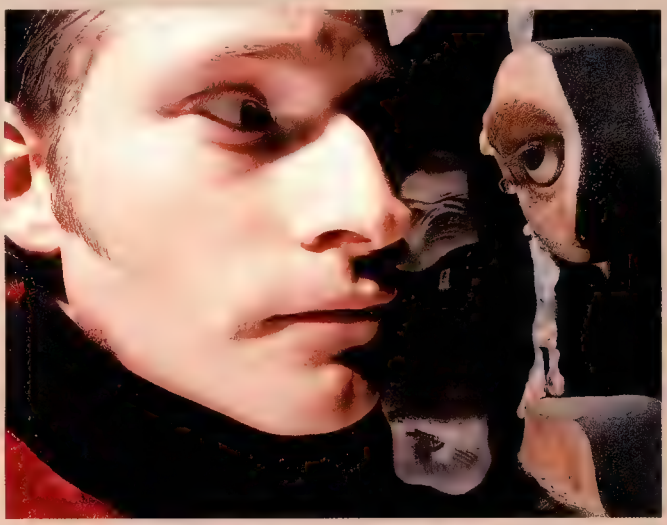
LEWMAN
DID THE
WORDS.
JONZE
DID THE
PHOTOS.
ACTOR
CRISPIN
GLOVER
DID THE
SPIELING.

CRISPIN HELLION GLOVER

Back when I still thought there was such a number as "a hundred zillion," and wondered if there was such a thing as "a book with a list of every single job there is" written down inside its pages, Crispin Hellion Glover was enrolled in a private junior high school, becoming smart as a whip. For the first Christmas in history, I was asking for clothes (moon boots) instead of something like a Tonka toy dump truck. It was a turning point in my life. Maturity. Crispin was light years ahead of me intellectually, 2,600 miles away from me in distance (he was born in New York, raised in Los Angeles—I was in Michigan) and three years ahead of me in physical age. I'm 24 now, so that would make him...ahh, yeah. He was about 14 back then, though, and just beginning to explore the natural career choice of entertainer—his father was an actor, his mother a ballet dancer. His first big break came co-starring in a Los Angeles production of *The Sound of Music* with Florence Henderson when she was fresh off *The Brady Bunch* and "still had that 'Carol Brady' look." He entered public high school that year too.

More on that later.

Our paths first crossed when I saw him in *Back to the Future*, as George McFly, the guy who socked a large dork out with one punch, thus altering the destiny of the entire McFly clan as losers. Then came another major role in *Teachers*, the kind of 1984-ish movie that had a part written in the script for Crispin to enthusiastically reply to fedora-hat-wearing Ralph Macchio, "Oh yeah, give me five!" after those crazy guys went joyriding in a stolen driver's ed car. He redeemed himself nicely in *At Close Range*, portraying the dim-witted best friend of



Sean Penn. That role, back-to-back with *River's Edge*, convinced me that there was something very cool to Crispin Glover's acting style. My friends and I gleefully imitated his whiny, amphetamine-charged lines for a year after *River's Edge* came out, we were so duly impressed. The critical acclaim he and co-star Keanu Reeves simultaneously received for that one did wonders for their fledgling careers, too. Then came *Twister* (never saw it), *Where the Heart Is* (saw it on cable) a suitably peculiar role as a cousin of Laura Dern in *Wild at Heart*, and a cameo as Andy Warhol in *The Doors*—a movie that about half my friends thought was stupid and the other half saw twice.

Add the following non-acting incidents and you have the stuff legends are made of: an appearance on *Late Night with David Letterman* that ended in a bell-bottoms and platform-shoe-wearing Crispin nearly delivering a karate kick to Dave's skull; an interview in *Spin* magazine that made him sound completely deranged (they printed his home phone number, and mentioned furnishings in his home such as a gynecologists chair and a wax diseased eyeball collection); self-published books titled *Rat Catching* and *Oak Mot*, both containing murky drawings, altered original text—you can sort of feel Crispin's brain throbbing as you read his writing; and a record album called *The Big Problem...* filled with rambling songs and poems, one of which is a rap about masturbation. Listeners who figure out what "the big problem" is all about can call Crispin's answering machine and discuss this further.

Like I said, he was getting fairly well-known as a seriously eccentric person with icon-like qualities. His most recent film appearance, *Rubin and Ed*, I saw two days before I interviewed him. He plays Rubin, the same character (and as rumor has it, his alter-ego) that got him surgically removed from David Letterman's show. Herein he persuades Ed (Howard Hesseman) to drive him to the Utah desert to bury a cat that he's preserved in his freezer. I'm not a film critic, although I'll do my best impression of one here: The movie has some brilliant, sublime humor that is perfectly tweaked. But the majority of the dialogue—which takes place between two guys wandering aimlessly through the desert, transporting the dead cat to its final resting place—gets kind of annoying. Like I said though, the subtleness of the humor is stellar, and Crispin and Howard Hesseman are very good together.

All this set in stone my impression that Crispin was a genuine weirdo.

Everything changed when Spike and I trudged up 14 floors (broken elevator) to his vintage skyrise Hollywood apartment and met the man behind the misconception.

Although he's smart as a whip, he doesn't use his superior intellect for evil purposes, like making you feel stupid when talking to him. And believe me, I asked him some stupid questions. Over the course of five hours he dissolved my impression of him as a bizarre person, forcing me to try to reevaluate what I thought of him. Bizarre he's not, but there is something decidedly un-normal about this guy. This of course depends on your definition of what is normal. "Pleasant" is a perfect description of his personality, though.

The spacious apartment he's lived in for six years has high ceilings, painted black floors and flowing velvet drapes over all the windows. The place has undergone changes over the years, Crispin explains, mentioning the many colors he's painted it. Currently its gloss black walls and sparkly gold ceilings give it the look of Dracula's bachelor pad. Neatly arranged throughout the rooms are the artifacts and furniture he's randomly and meticulously plucked from various locations spanning the globe. Rugs from Istanbul. Cigar cabinet from Ohio. Crazy velvet couch/chair things from Pasadena. A collection of wax replicas of diseased eyeballs from England. Plaster cast of a human head from his friend, Curtis James. Bookcases packed with volumes of encyclopedias, art books, geological books, his own books. It is a fantastic assortment of things that don't go together.

THE STUPID QUESTIONS

Lew: What are some of the interesting things you've learned on sets?

Crispin: Learned on sets? I don't know if I've learned anything on sets, other than how to be on sets.

Lew: Do you play any instruments?

No. When I was ten I took the violin, and I'm sorry I didn't continue because I do love the violin. But the teacher wanted me to be practicing a couple of hours a day and she was really kind of hard on me, and it made me cry one day. So I stopped taking the violin. It's too bad, because I love the instrument and I love music.

Lew: What's the most dangerous thing you've ever done?

Most dangerous? Ahhhh, I try not to [laughter]. I try to preserve myself as much as possible. I'd rather not take any way of risking my life [laughter]. Probably driving is the most dangerous thing.

Lew: What kind of car do you have?

I have a couple different cars. Out in Salt Lake right now I have an old 1966 Checker Marathon, the kind of car they used as taxis.

Lew: They made those in my hometown, Kalamazoo.

Ahh, yeah. They stopped making it in 1983. It's a great car. And then the one I'm driving in Los Angeles is an old '62 Studebaker Lark convertible. I'm restoring that one. I went down to Mexico and got a little red leather interior.

Lew: I noticed you don't have any weapons on display.

Hmmm. No, I've never really thought about that. Yeah, it's a common thing to collect, isn't it? You're right. For some reason I've never gotten into that. I've just never been interested in weapons, I guess. It's funny that you'd notice that. But you're right. I've never been into weapons, even as a kid, I wasn't into playing war games.

Lew: Would you act in a war movie?

Sure, yeah. Especially if it came from the right point of view. I mean, I'm not anti-violence in films or anything. I think violence can often be a really interesting and integral part of the story. But obviously, oftentimes violence isn't really used to tell a story well. Kubrick uses violence a lot in his films, and he uses violence really well. David Lynch uses violence really well. But a lot of the time it's just not used that well. That happens with everything. Sex can be great in movies. I actually think there isn't enough sex in movies right now. Not that sex always has to be sexy; I mean, it could be horrifying too, or something.

Spike: Have you ever had to do a sex scene?

No, I've never had to do a sex scene. I kind of shot a sex scene in this Polish film [*30 Door Key*], but it got cut out. It wasn't really a sex scene, it was a prelude to a sex scene.

Lew: Do you train for stuff like that?

[Laughing] Train for a sex scene? No. Actually, the director just kind of came up with it—it wasn't really written into the script or anything. But it was interesting.

Spike: Was it difficult or odd?

It was a little odd, yeah. Kinda weird. I didn't know this person at all. It wasn't that intimate, but she was naked.

Lew: Do you ever see yourself on a game show?

As hosting one, or being on one?

Lew: Well, hosting one. I'm sure if you were on one as a contestant, you'd win a lot of prizes.

I was actually invited to be on *Hollywood Squares* a long time ago. I didn't do it. It was after *Back to the Future*, and I'd been on *The Tonight Show*.

Lew: I heard you won a lawsuit over that movie.

Well, what happened was in all the sequels they took footage from the original film and they interspliced me from the original film with footage of another actor whom they'd given a false chin, nose and cheekbones, and they [laughing] made him generally look and act and told him to do impressions of me. Nobody's ever done what they did before. We settled out of court, and all I'm allowed to say about the settlement was that it was 'mutually satisfactory' [laughter].

Lew: Is Hellion your real middle name?

Yeah, Hellion's my real middle name. My father's middle name is Herbert, and he hated that. When he was a struggling actor in New York he'd walk around saying to himself, "I'm Bruce H. Glover, I'm Bruce Hellion Glover, I'm a hellion, I'm a troublemaker." When I was born my parents gave it to me as a middle name.

Lew: Did you see *Boyz N the Hood*?

[Yawning hard] I did see that, yeah. I thought there were elements of it that were excellent. I thought there were some scenes that were better than others. Like the stuff when they found the guy dead and started throwing the football around—that was my favorite scene. They still made it a little bit like the guy was almost a hero at the end... the gang member [Ice Cube]. He got revenge for his brother, and I don't think that always happens in these gang things. I think they're much more random than that, and it's not always gang people who get killed. It would have been better if maybe he'd gone out to kill those guys and finds them in a shopping mall or something, and instead of killing them he ends up killing a whole bunch of kids and women and stuff, and only maims one of them. Because that kind of thing actually happens.

Spike: Do you often re-write the plots to movies?

[Laughing] Yeah. Yeah, sure.

Lew: Re-write *Star Wars*.

Oh, I don't know. No. Actually, that wasn't even my writing, I must admit, that was my friend Trent's [Trent Harris—writer/director of *Rubin and Ed*] comment about the movie, and I kind of agreed with him. Actually I don't really re-write films. The things I do re-write are books, but not movies. Old books from the 1800s. See, that's the reason I can do it legally. They're past the copyright laws. I take these unpopular books from the 1800s that people didn't make much money on and so they let the copyright expire. So I can rework them without any worry.

Lew: Is this really poison? [Holding up small brown bottle labeled with a skull and crossbones, sitting on the coffee table.]

Yeah, it's mercury. Mercury is just a great thing to play with. But I guess you're not supposed to play with it 'cause if you get cuts in your hands it'll kill you. I never do if I have any cuts or anything. But it's interesting stuff because I got it at the chemistry store. You can float rocks on top of mercury, 'cause mercury's so dense.

Spike: Do you get embarrassed?

Sure, yeah. I find in general, just being an actor, the things actors have to do are embarrassing. I've recently gotten a little bit better about it. I used to be extremely embarrassed about doing press. Having your picture taken, and having to look serious. 'Cause ultimately, I must admit, I feel like there's too much attention in the press on celebrities, actors. Why an interview with an actor rather than the person that's written it, or directed it, or for that matter, what about... scientists. I think they're more worthy—people who are figuring things out about the universe.

Lew: Are you friends with Henry Rollins?

Well actually, I don't see him very often, but I like him. I feel friendly toward him. He's an intelligent and very charismatic sort of fellow. I like what he's up to, to do things and create his own... what he's doing, I admire that. Yeah, I like to see him.

Lew: Are you close to a lot of celebrities?

Uhm, celebrities? I have some friends that I guess you could call celebrities. And a lot of friends who... you wouldn't call celebrities, I guess [laughter].

Lew: What other things do you do to enjoy yourself?

Well, I'm glad because I have a job I enjoy. Like making the books, I enjoy doing that. Well, one thing that I've been making for the past four years is a video movie called *Backwards Swing*. It's based on one of these books and I'm really trying to finish it this year. I'm not in it. I've written it, and I'm co-directing with this fellow who lives in Salt Lake. I'm glad that we've taken the time, because everything that we've done I feel real good about.

Lew: Do you play any sports or anything like that?

Yeah. I run very regularly, about two hours a night. I've always worked out with a trainer. I've taken karate, I ride bicycles.

Lew: Do you ever go to Las Vegas?

Yeah.

Lew: You gamble?

No, I can't stand gambling. I like to make money, and spend it on things that I need and want to do, and I just hate the idea of losing money. It just seems so... *awful* to me. I can't take it at all.

Spike shot a great number of photos with him. At one point Crispin slipped out of the bedroom to take care of some business while I helped Spike adjust the lighting. After a while I went looking for him, and came across him standing alone in the kitchen, rapidly shovelling down mouthfuls of cereal. I don't think he saw me, and so I returned to the bedroom. Crispin entered a few moments later, wiping his mouth, and mentioned nothing of the meal. We resumed shooting while he played Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and bobbed his head, in bliss. His CD collection is massive, and varied. Way more classical than rock and roll. Lots of blues and jazz, but no rap. The soundtrack to *The Jungle Book*. *Perry Como's Greatest Hits*. You can tell a lot about a guy by the music he listens to.

THE OTHER QUESTIONS

Lew: You were talking earlier about Penn & Teller?

Crispin: Oh yeah. A long time ago their show was on Hollywood Blvd. This must have been about eight years ago or something. An old girlfriend of mine told me they had this "list" [laughter]. I hadn't had that many films out or anything. I'd been in *My Tutor*—the first one I ever did—*Friday the 13th Part IV*, and *Racing with the Moon*. But they had this list called "Famous People That We'd Really Like To Have Come See Our Show." It was a list of all kinds of people that I actually kind of admired—like Salvador Dali. But they had my name on the list, so I saw their show. Penn saw me while they were in the show and he started naming off the movies during the act that I had been in. I've gone and seen their shows several times as they've gotten bigger and bigger. They have that feeling of vaudeville, which is kind of lost. It's nice, genuine entertainment. They're nice people, too.

Spike: I kinda wanted to ask you... Lew said you didn't want people to think you're weird.

Who said that?

Lew: [stumbling] Uh, for the photos, uhm, you said that you didn't...

Oh, I find that people kind of expect for me to be, they want me to be kind of wacky in situations. I've had photographers come and ask me to do things... I... I wouldn't do them in my normal life. But no, I don't mind if people think I'm weird [laughter]. But it's what other people think is weird, you know. Sometimes they try to impose that on you. I don't think that what I think is weird. What I think is what I like to think about. But somebody comes in and tries to fit me into another formula, what is supposed to be weird—I just don't know what to do.

Spike: Why do people think you're weird?

Do you think people think I'm weird?

Spike: No, I don't think you're weird. I think that's a weird word.

[Laughter]

Spike: But you do these characters that are

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CRISPIN GLOVER FILMOGRAPHY AND UPCOMING EVENTS

Pre-1978:

Two McDonald's commercials, Bayer Aspirin commercial, Candy Kisses (lip gloss product) commercial

Films 1982-1991:

My Tutor, Racing with the Moon, The Orkly Kid, Teachers, Back to the Future, At Close Range, River's Edge, Twister, Where the Heart Is, Wild at Heart, The Doors

Films & projects 1992:

Rubin and Ed, Little Noises (film in which he plays a communist living in Poland), 30 Door Key (film in which he plays a writer who plagiarizes a deaf-mute boy), and publication of new book, Concrete Inspection.

For further information on the writings of Crispin Glover: Volcanic Eruptions, PO Box 25220, Los Angeles, CA 90025 (213) 464-5053

real different.

Yeah, yeah, definitely. Actually, the word "weird," if you look it up, has come to mean something different than it originally did. Weird had the connotation, originally, of something uncanny, that it was supernatural. It was that way up until the early 1900s. If you looked it up in Webster's dictionary, it would say something like that. I don't really think of myself as being supernatural or uncanny [laughter]. But probably the way people mean weird is unusual, ahh, maybe eccentric. Eccentric's an interesting word, too, because it's actually a mathematical term. If a line is eccentric, it is off the center of the line, it doesn't follow the same pattern of a centric line. So eccentric is to not follow the same pattern, which has kind of a poetic feeling. And that's actually a compliment, especially in the United States. We're quite aware that people in the United States don't always want to be the person following the pattern. To be individual and to do something is greatly admired. Probably ultimately worldwide, but especially here in the United States because I think the U.S. thinks of itself as a rebel country 'cause we revolted against the English. So to be somebody who does their own thing is very traditional, almost.

Spike: Do you get called that often?

Well again, they're words, so you always have to interpret exactly what it means. Human speech is pretty complex, but it never really captures exactly what someone is thinking [laughter]. I mean, it *can* be pretty accurate.

Lew: Like if my mom were to see you as Layne [From *River's Edge*], she'd probably think you were psychotic.

[Laughing] Well again, that's a psychological term. Psychotic. Neurotic. We could look it up, but I think psychotic means when somebody loses sense of reality, what reality is supposed to be. But let me get the dictionary.

[He leaves the room and returns with a large dictionary.]

It's funny how these words, like psychotic, in a way, it's almost used as a compliment. It's like, bands want to be as "psycho" as possible. And it's funny, all of these words—like here's "punk." Punk was once something completely different. I do love words... this is an etymological dictionary. Etymology is the study of words. It gives all the roots, where things came from.

Lew: Did you go to college?

No. I'd always planned to go to college, and I kept my grades up. I think college is great, but I think it was good that I was in acting, making money and doing things. My private school ended in the 9th grade, and I went to two different public high schools. And the education level was quite... quite different. The education just lacked. It wasn't that it was easy, it was just that it was... it was okay, it wasn't horrible or anything, but the school I went to, people loved to learn. Everybody was there for learning, and the teachers were really excellent, and I loved education. Still love education. But I can't find psychotic in here [laughter]. That's the thing about high schools—I always found that people were really super social-conscious. I still feel like everything stems from... you start seeing these kinds of social structures set up right away in high schools. That's why I think teenage films, I think they can often be quite good if they're well written and well directed, they can be good films 'cause they represent a certain social structure that's there in all forms of society. It becomes like a microcosm of today's world.

Spike: Are you cynical?

Ultimately, I'm a cynic. I don't know, I can't tell. Maybe not. But there're certain things I think are inevitable.

Spike: Like what?

I do think that many people have a lot of problems. But at the same time, that's okay. Also, I don't know how to put it exactly... ultimately, people are animals—they're not intellectual perfection. They run by instinct. Cockroaches [laughter], if left to propagate and feed, will do that until they suffocate themselves. And I think ultimately human beings are animals that way. They're not particularly intellectual in realizing the kinds of things that can ultimately be harmful.

Spike: Are there any causes you're behind?

No. That's something I've always thought was kind of silly. I believe in environmental issues, and I think it's all well and good. I'm glad people are doing it. I love going out to southern Utah, nature, being without pollution. But I think it's attacking things from the wrong point, it's not getting to the root of the matter. Again, I'm pessimistic in that way, but optimistic ultimately because I think, Oh well, the sun will expand eventually and the planet earth will disappear, and the universe will keep expanding, and eventually it will implode and start all over again, so what the hell.

Although quirky and unashamedly original without trying too hard, Crispin caught me off guard by not being the deranged person I expected to meet. To pay him a compliment, I would say he's eccentric to the point of it being an art form. Overall, a fairly conservative fellow, yet he had wax eyeballs mounted in a display case on his wall. And definitely a different person entirely than he plays on-screen, but it makes me wonder: how does he make acting out bizarre behavior look so convincing? In the end, I didn't find out everything I wanted to know about him, even though he was willing to answer every question I asked—except the one about what really happened that night he freaked out on David Letterman's show. But perhaps it's better this way.

the what-girls-want-to-know-about-sex-love-diseases-and-chuck woollery poll

Just in case you aren't telepathic, may we humbly present an opportunity for you to walk right inside a girl's head and find out what she thinks about sex, love and relationships. The only catch being that *you* have to tell her what you think about it too.

Anonymously, of course.

The deal is that *Sassy*'s running almost exactly the same survey in their April issue. You guys fill out this one, *Sassy* readers fill out theirs, and in the fall issue of *DIRT* you'll find out what the girls said. *Sassy* will run your responses in their October issue, so think up some good answers.

Keep in mind this requires participation. If you've read this far, keep right on reading, but do it with pen in hand. Fill it out by circling the right answer. Send it in to ***DIRT*, c/o S.L.D.& C.W., PO Box 40, Vernon, NJ 07426 by June 1, 1992.** Thanks.

Do you live with your parents? Yes/No

If not, with whom do you live?_____

Age: _____

1. Have you ever had a girlfriend? Yes/No
2. If yes, how many have you had? One/Two/Three/Four/Five/More than five
3. At what age does a girl become a loser if she hasn't had a boyfriend yet? 14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/Over 21/A girl is never a loser because she hasn't had a girlfriend
4. What's the longest you've gone out with someone? One week or less/About a month/Half a year/Marathon session—12 months or more
5. Have you ever been dumped by a girl? Yes, like a hot potato/No
6. Would you say you are usually the: Dumper/Dumpee?
7. How important is it for you to have a girlfriend? Life or death/Very/Somewhat/Not very/I couldn't care less
8. If it's important, why? (circle all that apply) I feel like a loser without/Pressure from guys/Pressure from girls/Pressure from parents/To have sex/Other: _____

_____

9. Would like to have a relationship like your parents'? Yes/No
10. Why or why not? _____

_____

11. In general, who is more romantic? Boys/Girls/Lloyd Bridges/Lloyd Dobbler
12. What do you think of public displays of affection? About as cute as dog poop/Maybe in a dark movie theater/One of my favorite hobbies
13. Have you ever said "I love you" and meant it? Of course/Of course not
14. Have you ever said "I love you" when you didn't mean it? Yes/No
15. If yes, why (circle all that apply)? Because she said it and I figured I'd better, too/Because it was the only way to get her clothes off/Because I didn't want to hurt her feelings
16. Have you ever waited to say "I love you" because the girl hasn't said it yet? Yes/No
17. You would be a contestant on *Love Connection* mainly to: Call Chuck Woollery a dork on national TV/Go on a blind date with a dentist/Score complimentary grooming products
18. Would you rather: Be in a successful rock band/Have the hottest girl in town be totally in love with you?
19. Have you ever stereotyped a girl as a slut because of the way she dressed? Yes/No
20. What do you call girls when you're with your friends? Girls/Chicks/Babes/Birds/Hoes/Ladies/Women/Other: _____

_____

21. What's the worst girl-initiated rumor you've ever heard about yourself?

_____

22. What bugs you more? To be rejected by a girl/To be the object of desire from a girl you don't like
23. Would you prefer a girl think you were (pick one): Sexy/Smart/An excellent driver

24. What would be worse, having a reputation with girls for being: Too fast sexually/Too sexually inexperienced?
25. Overnight you become a superstar, dethroning even the cast members of *90210* as media darlings. Billions of girls instantly love you, including your girlfriend. You (pick one): Continue your existing relationship/Begin harvesting chicks/ Make friends with Tom Cruise and see if you can beat him at arm wrestling?
26. Who would you rather be on a date: Axl Rose/Keanu Reeves/Christian Slater/Luke Perry/Michael Jordan/Other: _____
27. How much time do you spend preparing for a date? None/ Five minutes/Fifteen minutes/Half an hour/An hour/Way too much time
28. Has a girl ever burned you about your fashion sense? Yes/No
29. If so, did you take her advice and start dressing differently? Yes/No
30. Have you ever carried breath mints, gum or mouthwash because of a girl? Sometimes/Never/So often I could become a spokesperson for Certs
31. What grosses you out most about a girl? Zits/Body odor/Greasy hair/Being too fat/Being too thin/Nappy hair
32. When kissing a girl, what do you hope for most? That she keeps her eyes closed/ That she doesn't drool noticeably/ That she use her tongue correctly/That I do everything correctly/Other: _____
33. If you tell a girl you're going to call her and then don't, it's usually because you: Never intended to in the first place, but didn't want to hurt her feelings/Got a better offer/Lost interest the next day/Heard a nasty rumor about her/Other: _____
34. What's the best thing about having a girlfriend? Good talks/Being taken care of/Taking care of someone else/ It's a status symbol/The sex/Other: _____
35. What's the worst thing? When they're too demanding or jealous/My friend's don't like her/My parents don't like her/Not enough sex/Boring sex/Pressure to have sex/Other: _____
36. Who would you rather go out with? Winona Ryder/ Madonna/ Julia Roberts/Janet Jackson/Paula Abdul/*Playboy* Playmate of the Month/Other: _____
37. Have you ever had intercourse? Yes/No
38. If no, how far have you gone? Holding hands/Kissing/ Feeling up/Feeling down/Oral sex
39. If yes, how old were you the first time? _____
40. Whom did you tell?(check all that apply) My parents/My best male friend/My best female friend/More than two friends/ A brother or sister/An older relative/Other: _____
41. Did you practice safe sex? Yes/No
42. If you could change anything about your first time, what would it be? The girl/The place/My inexperience/Her inexperience/I'd use contraception/Other: _____
43. When you go out with a girl, are you usually truthful about how much experience you've had? (We're talking sex here) Yes/No
44. Is there a certain time when you expect to go all the way? After the first date/After two or three dates/When I'm ready/ When I spend more than $20/After marriage
45. What's more important right now? Sex/Love
46. Have you ever had a one night stand? Yes/No
47. If yes, did you enjoy it? Yes/No
48. If you've had sex, roughly how many people do you figure you've done it with? One/2 to 5/5 to 10/10 to 15/15 to 20/I'm a sex machine
49. If you're having sex, where do you have it most often? At my house/At her house/In a car/At a friend's house/Outside somewhere/At a motel/Other: _____
50. What's the youngest age a guy should have sex? _____
51. What's the youngest age a girl should have sex? _____
52. What are you most into right now? One-night stands/ Short, intense flings/One committed relationship/Dating without sex/No dating, no sex
53. What concerns you most about having sex? My own pleasure/My partner's pleasure/An unplanned pregnancy/ Sexually Transmitted Diseases/That I be considered good
54. Where have you learned the *most* about sex? Parents/Older sibling/2 Live Crew shows/School/Male friends/ Female friends/TV or movies/Books
55. Do you read or watch pornography regularly? Yes/No
56. Would you ban pornography if you could? Yes/No
57. Do you know anyone who's forced a girl to have sex? Yes/No
58. Has a girl you liked ever wanted to have sex and you turned her down? Yes/No
60. If yes, why? I am (was) a virgin and want(ed) to stay that way/I was scared she wouldn't think I was any good/Because I felt she was too young or inexperienced/Because I knew she'd get serious and I wasn't ready/Other: _____
61. Would it bother you if a girl thought your were a virgin? Yes/No

name less:

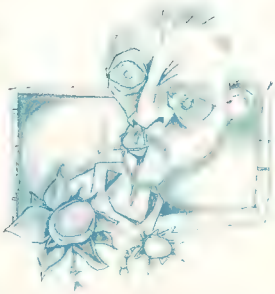


Illustration: Self portrait, B. Otis Link

LINK, B. OTIS

His work might be described as a child raised by David Lynch and the Three Stooges. His topics are those most artists hide from. A prime example is one of Link's most recent projects, a darkly humorous set of trading cards depicting 40 famous murderers throughout history. You can bet they've stirred up the stews of controversy since their release about a year ago. "The first thing I ever drew that was recognizable was Kennedy getting shot. Hey, I felt bad about it. I needed to have an outlet," says Link. Thus started his trail of demented humor. Some years later Link's name was to become synonymous with punk rock flyers for shows throughout Los Angeles—his whacked out line work adorned a good number of them in the early '80s. Since then his mind has produced a whole plethora of items from T-shirts like "Never Trust a Preacher With a Boner," "Elvis Had a Stinky Butt" and various Red Hot Chili Peppers tour shirts, to hand-silkscreened postcards of 1950s pin-up girl Betty Page and album cover art. "I don't know why I started seriously drawing. Or for what reason. Surely not to make money. I guess I could come up with some big deep bullshit thing... I'm doing it for the pope [laughter]. Maybe I do it because it's what I know how to do, like plumbers fix pipes. Or because I've got all these screwed-up ideas flying out of my head and I've got to do something with them so I don't commit murder or something [laughter]. It's like John Waters said, 'If you ever feel like you're going to be a murderer, get into filmmaking.'"

How Link developed this oddly warped wit remains a mystery, and asking about his past is like spinning a roulette wheel—what version you'll get is anyone's guess. "My dad was a rodeo clown and my mom was a whore from Joplin, Missouri—worm king town, that's where they got the Red Wigglers. My dad got kicked in the head by a bull and was paralyzed on his left side so he had to get a job as a salesman. He started selling atomic bomb parts. And every day when I came home from school these Russian guys would hang out with me and try to get into my dad's garage. Then my dad ended up in prison one day after I let them in." He finishes the story off with, "Just add whatever else you want to that..." and a laugh, which is something he does a lot of if you're asking him about his work. —Mel Bend

Flip to Junk Drawer for B. Otis Link's ***Jumbo Human*** *and watch for his new set of trading cards soon—***The World's Most Hated People** *(from Rigormor Press, 11012 Ventura Blvd., Suite 365, Studio City, CA 91604).*

MAHONEY, MARK

Everything you need to know about Mark Mahoney in one paragraph: Attracted to the obvious subversive nature of tattooing, he started doing them underground in New York and his native Boston as a teenager in the early 1970s. Practiced on bikers and friends, which was incentive to learn quickly. If you know what Tom Waits looks like, then you'd probably mistake Mark for him. Currently owns and operates a shop in downtown L.A. called Shamrock Studios, a place where pain happens and legendary art is created on willing epidermal layers. The three-week waiting list and $100 an hour fee (give or take, depending on the difficulty level) do not exist because Mark's only "okay." The hype surrounding his name is something he regularly jokes about, but believe the hype 'cause you *won't* believe what this man can do with needles. When Donnie Wahlberg, for Pete's sake, comes to you for his first tattoo, it's an indication that your stuff's getting trendy. Famous people, working class Joes, and a myriad of tough guys all hold Mark in high regard for the simple fact that his work is the best and he's a genuinely nice guy. But don't let it get around that Mahoney's a nice guy... he'd be mortified if those kinds of rumors got back to him. —Lewman

ROLLINGHEAD

Okay, this is a blatant sales pitch, but what the hell. It's for your own good. I'd just play you the tape if we were in the same room, and I wouldn't have to say a thing. You'd *know*, and just kinda nod your head when the music stopped. Rollinghead. One word, no hyphen. Comes from a American Indian ritual gone bad. The band hails from Kalamazoo, Michigan, where they've secured a legion of fans by playing the shit out of the college bar scene. The suspense is slaying me as to whether or not the word will spread about Rollinghead's bastardized pissed-off-punk-rock-and-roll thing before the boys burn out or grow up. Fan conversion is simple—seeing them grind it out on stage, coughing up retro hunks of Neil Young, the Allman Brothers, maybe even the Doors, is like peering over the edge of some deep hole: At the bottom lies monumental glory or eternal damnation. The band'll be pissed about the Doors remark, by the way. Add to all these hip classic rock influences the grooves of, say, Soundgarden, the twang of the Black Crowes and the uneasiness of Midwestern kids who grew up listening to Black Flag and are beginning to get real itchy about living in a dead-end town, musically speaking. Shining on the horizon of rock and roll I see a grainy black-and-white video in heavy rotation. —Lewman.

Further info? Write. Bill Fergeson, 214 South Kalamazoo Mall, Kalamazoo, MI 49007.

Photos: Spike Jonze.

MAYBE THIS IS WHY YOU

There are reasons, you know. By Kim France.

It's not punishment for being mean to your little sister in a previous life or anything as cosmic as that. Whether or not you choose to accept it, there's a perfectly rational explanation for why the hottest relationship you've got going right now is with a Nintendo Game Boy. Still, don't get too depressed if you're not currently spoken for. It could be you're making some grave—but easily rectified—errors. Read this story, written by a veteran girlfriend, and pick up a few pointers.

MAYBE YOU'RE TOO PICKY

Does the phrase "I wouldn't join a club that would have me as a member" mean anything to you? Are you one of those boys who—consciously or otherwise—only pursue those who are—for some reason or other—inaccessible to you? It's a depressingly common problem, for a number of reasons. First of all, in every high school there are a handful of individuals who seem to be escaping the physical and psychic obstacles of adolescence. Their skin is flawless, their hair never appears to be doing anything they don't want it to and nothing stupid ever comes out of their mouths. They are teenagers from a parallel universe. And as you have no doubt noticed, they don't tend to mate out of their species. Guaranteed crush-fodder.

Or maybe you've got it in for some other guy's girlfriend, or that redhead you've never even met—the one who only dates guys who play bass in funk/metal/thrash bands. Or you're one of those guys whose standards are impossibly rigorous: Like, you're only interested in skinny girls with straight shoulder-length blond hair who dress like J. Crew models. If any of these examples sound like you, we've got a problem. You've set your sights on one (highly unattainable) person or type and have resolved that no one else will do.

If you do somehow get together with this ideal being, congratulations. But because life isn't incredibly fair, I doubt that you will. And at the risk of sounding too much like a shrink, I'd like to point out that by convincing yourself that the only girl for you is the unreachable one, you're very conveniently avoiding the whole girlfriend issue altogether. Maybe you're a little scared to go for a girl who might actually—gasp—like you back. You wouldn't be the first guy.

There's no shortage of cute girls in the world, and if you can't find them, you have your own lame self to thank. Which leads me quite nicely to the next reason you might be lonesome tonight.

MAYBE YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACES

This is such an obvious girlfriend-finding obstacle that I will not spend too much time on it. Quite simply, stop checking out the same old boring faces in English class and at the mall. You must start looking for girls in slightly less obvious places. Like the periodical room at the public library, or the local health food store, or at the next anti-war/anti-fur/anti-salisbury-steak-in-the-cafeteria-on-Wednesdays rally. Use your imagination, and girls will start coming out of the woodwork. Trust me.

MAYBE YOU'RE TOO DESPERATE

Girls can detect desperation in a boy the way pit bulls can smell terror on humans. It's like a sixth sense. But where pit bulls smell said terror and attack, girls do just the opposite. They sense desperation and run far, far away.

If you've ever asked a girl out and then, when she said no, turned around and asked the girl standing next to her, you're desperate. Every girl wants to feel as though she alone was chosen from the vast array of potential new girlfriends. So does every guy, for that matter. It's an ego boost. So when you ask out girl after girl, appearing to all the world as though your sole criteria is that she be female, you become about as desirable as detention. Girls know that if they were ever to say yes, they'd seem as desperate as you. It's all so tragic. That you want love so bad is the one thing that keeps you from getting it.

As we learned earlier, there's a twisted part of each and every one of us that desires the love of someone who we feel is just out of our league—someone whose approval and attention we're never quite sure we have. This isn't the healthiest personality trait, but it's pervasive all the same. So if you're desperate for a girlfriend and proceed to shamelessly pursue everyone in a Lycra mini, what does that say about you? I'll tell you what: that you care more about having a girlfriend—as though she were a possession to be displayed, like the Led Zeppelin boxed set—than you care about finding someone you'd be truly happy with. And, simply put, that's not going to make the object(s) of your desire feel very special or sought after. In fact, it might actually make her feel insulted that a guy as hard up as you thinks he stood a chance with her.

Happily, the solution to your problem is an easy one. Just hang back for a while. Don't pursue anyone for a month or two. Think harder about the qualities you admire in a girl. Because nothing on God's green earth is more attractive than someone who appears totally disinterested in pursuing a relationship.

MAYBE YOU HAVE A BAD REPUTATION

Before I go into details on this particular boy affliction, be forewarned (if you haven't figured it out already): Girls tell each other

everything. They just do. For most females, the phone call she just got from the dude o' her dreams didn't really happen until she tells her friends about it. This also means that if you treat a girl you're seeing like dirt, sooner or later everyone will know, and you'll have a bad rep on your hands.

Perhaps a few examples of bad-rep-building behavior are in order. Say at a party you find yourself on the couch next to that cute girl from biology class. One thing leads to another, as it so often does, and before you know it, you're making out. If, come Monday morning, you do not choose her as a lab partner for the fetal pig dissection, if you stay on the other side of the room and avoid eye contact with her, and if she comes up to you when you're standing around with a group of friends to say hi and you snub her, look out. By the end of the day, every girl with half a brain—and the other ones too, probably—are going to refer to you as a user. And girls think of users as a distinctly lower life form, like plankton.

Example #2. Say you go out with a girl and the evening ends with an innocent peck on the cheek and then you elect to blab to everyone at lacrosse practice that she was a nympho who couldn't get enough of you. My advice to your ilk is to get out of town. Why do guys lie about their sexual conquests? It's the one sure way to guarantee you *won't* get any action. Other things that earn bad reps are guys who treat girls like idiots, cheat on their girlfriends, and—pity the fool who tries this one—try to physically or otherwise force girls to have sex. Try this at your own risk, baby. Not all juries are as lenient as the ones in Palm Beach.

MAYBE YOU SMELL

There's no polite way to approach this topic. Your personal hygiene might not be all it could. And it's true when they say even your best friends won't tell you, so you d best cover your ass. Take bad breath. There is no turnoff more immediate. And, depressingly, there is also no way to know for sure if you have it. That putting-your-hand-in-front-of-your-face-and-breathing-out-of-your-mouth trick just doesn't work. So brush and floss those teeth vigorously—meat hunks, chives and poppy seeds can detract from your smile. Eat breath mints constantly.

The same goes for body odor Bathe, boys, and when you do, don't forget to scrub less obvious places, like maybe your feet. Got some hairs sticking out of your nostrils? There are tiny little scissors made especially to clip 'em. I think you get the picture.

CAN'T GET A GIRLFRIEND

Photo: Dan Estabrook

MAYBE YOU DON'T NEED ONE

After a decade of good, bad, ugly and indifferent relationships, I've made a major realization which I'm now going to share with you lucky fellas. When you stop being single and get involved in a relationship, you simply trade in an old set of problems for new ones. Just as there are often roaches in the finest homes, the happiest, most well-suited couples in the world have problems. Even if your girlfriend is Winona Ryder, she's gonna piss you off sometimes. And even if you're totally dedicated to her, she's gonna get mad at you too

Not to mention that there's a lot to be said for autonomy. Love can be superfine, but when you're coupled up, you tend to lose a lot of your free time, which means you won't be renting 10 Bruce Lee movies and having a kung fu marathon weekend anytime soon. Here's a cliché I really believe is true: Until you know that you can be alone and happy with yourself, no one else will ever please you. That's 'cause you'll be wanting something from them that they can't give you. You have to feel good about yourself before anyone else will feel good about you—and I don't care if your mom already told you that, it's true. So get a life, then a girl.

Kim France is a staff writer for Sassy. She loves Alan Thicke, MSG, cowl neck sweaters and thinks Gina Arnold posesses one of the

(ab)

NOR

contortionist: (pro

Shirt: Hang Ten **Shorts** Just Clothing **Socks** Duckies **Shoes** Vans style #31 **Watch:** Timex **Pool Cue:** Shaden **Shirt** Hickory-striped pullover Ben Davis from Urge **Knit T-shirt** Global **Jeans:** Brid
Socks Fo Shirt **Shoes** Adidas Superstars from Urge **Watch:** Swatch Chrono

skater) BUSTER HALTERMAN

photos: SPIKE JONZE

LEFT: **Plaid zip-up jacket:** Urban Freedom by International News **Long sleeve T-shirt:** Anarchic Adjustment **Jeans:** Van Grack **Socks:** Hypercolor by Generra **Shoes:** Oxblood Gibsons by Dr. Martens
Right **Cap:** Fresh Jive **Necklace:** Francesca Vaccarino **Work Trouser:** Ben Davis from X Large **Socks:** E.G. Smith **Shoes:** John Fluevog wing tip brogue

SOUNDS OF MUSIC

continued from page 38

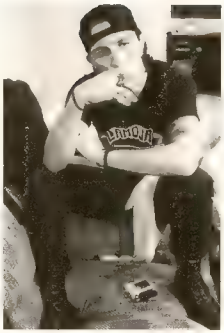
there. That's what we wanted to do, and it started growing from there.

"We all lost our jobs, we all lost relationships with girlfriends. We all lost that shit for this band. We're broke now. I've been broke all my life, it don't bother me if I stay this way. We don't need limousines. We got so much inside us, but there's financial limitations."

Todd Congelliere: "Last night we played a gig in Santa Barbara with Citizen Fish and my drummer Carlos flaked out. At the last minute, he says, 'My mom's not going to let me play on a school night.' Three hours later we found another drummer who plays in a band called 20 Floors in a Second Flat. We punked out so much. We played soooo terrible."

Joey Altruda: "Now that I'm out of school, I can spend time writing even more intense compositions for the band in other idioms besides jazz. We keep our minds open and listen to each other when we play so we can maintain a high level of interplay and spontaneity. Me and Willie have an almost telepathic rapport on stage.

"You know, all the technology that we have to make our lives easier to live is great, but it's also put us in the Dark Ages and numbed us from being human and *playing* music—making something with your own two hands. It's easy to get something *right now*. Get your photos in 23 minutes. Get your hamburger driving through. Instead of filling your lighter up with fluid when it dies down, just throw it away and pull out a new one. It's the MTV generation—a disposable culture. Too many people aren't interested in taking the time to educate themselves about how to appreciate art. Whatever kind of art it is. They don't realize what they'd get out of it if they did know."



Biohazard's smoking guitar player Bobby Hambel. Photo: Spike.

For every individual there's a different road to take. What is a successful musician? In these days it's not likely you're going to be able to make a living playing music. That still leaves us with just about as many reasons to create it as there are people who do it. There is no formula for success. You might never play a stadium, but so what.

THE MAJOR LABELS

continued from page 39

A & R people just started to hear about them from the college interns working in the office, friends who were down at the club last night and they just sort of listen to see what the people are talking about. Right now, there's about nine labels interested in signing Helmet. And three months ago, nobody was. And that's not because they had a strong demo tape. But their live shows are so amazing.

How many demo tapes a week does Geffen get?

Oh good golly. I could not answer that question. Basically, with unsolicited demo tapes—you're gonna get dozens a day. But everyone listens to them, it's policy. Occasionally you're gonna get those people who get signed off a demo tape that comes in from the middle of nowhere. And I know there are infamous cases of *huge* bands that just got signed out of nowhere. I wish I could think of a cool story to tell you.

Is it smart for a band who's got the interest of one major label to shop around and see who will pay them the most money?

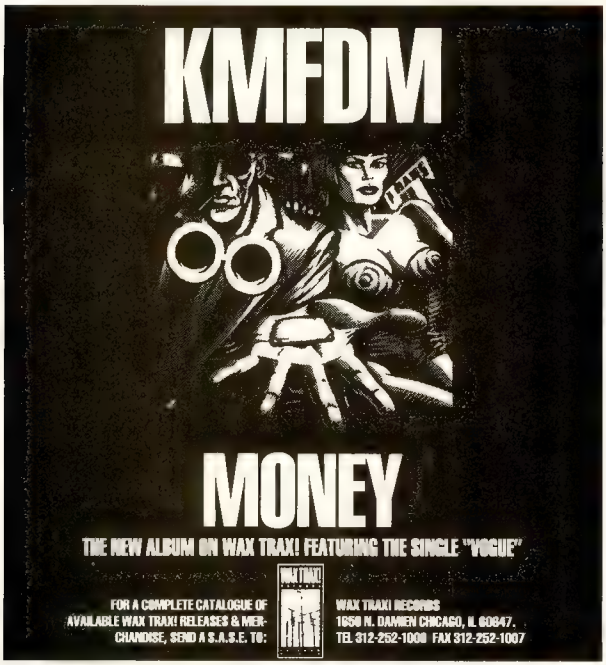
Often bands will go with a label because they think they're right for them, even though it may not be for as much money. Various labels have their strengths and weaknesses. It's not just a business deal at Geffen, it has to feel right between us and the artists. Starting a bidding war between labels may be best for them [the band] in the short run, but it could alienate them with that A & R person.

Is there a basic package that new bands get?

It depends on what that band needs as far as tour support, if they're going out on the road, what they're gonna need in the studio, how long it's gonna take to make the record. Some bands will go in and make a record in a month, other people take two years. It costs less money to make a Nirvana record than it takes to make a Mariah Carey record.

So if a band really wants to get signed, what's the sure-fire method?

Play. A lot. Do that and the rest will come.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PROBE

To ensure that we're constantly *pushing the envelope* (astronaut slang) with DIRT, we must know as much as possible about you faithful reader types. This is where the PROBE fits in—a monthly survey, neatly packaged with all the questions we'd ask you in person, if you were here personally. Since filling this out has the potential to be a half-sucky task, we're not beyond offering you a small **bribe** to get your attention. The first 500 respondees get a **free cassette** of **Interscope recording artists Love on Ice**. Heard this band? They're good, and now's your chance. **Deadline is April 15, 1992.** An alternate method of entry is to shoot us your name/address/age/phone number on a postcard to the address below.

Further information you should know: We read every PROBE and genuinely, honestly want to know what you think. Your input counts. Our lawyer said we had to say something along the lines of: "Entries cannot be returned, and all entries are subject to state, local and federal regulations. Liability for federal, state and local taxes imposed on the prizes is the sole responsibility of the winners. Employees of Lang Communications, Inc., Interscope Records, Inc., their agents and families are not eligible. This contest is void where prohibited."

SEND ALL COMPLETED PROBES/ENTRY BLANKS TO: DIRT, 230 Park Ave, 7th floor, New York, NY 10169.

ENTERTAINMENT & TORTURE

1. Do you own a video game system? [ ] Yes [ ] No
2. If yes, which of the following?
[ ] Sega Genesis [ ] Nintendo [ ] Super NES [ ] NEC's Turbo Graphics [ ] Atari Lynx [ ] Game Boy [ ] Game Gear
[ ] Other: _____
3. *Can't Stop the Music* was an obscure early-'80s musical starring Steve Guttenburg, Bruce Jenner and The Village People. You can probably guess how well it did in the theaters. Anyways, if you *had* to choose one, would you rather: [ ] Watch this movie three times consecutively (the movie is 118 minutes long) or [ ] Jog five miles carrying a 12-pound Brunswick bowling ball in each hand?
4. About how many video game cartridges do you purchase per year? _____
5. In your humble opinion, what's the hottest game cartridge currently available? _____
Hand-held cartridge? _____
6. Do you test-drive (rent) games before purchasing them?
[ ] Sure do [ ] Sure don't
7. How often do you play hand-held video games?
[ ] Never [ ] Occasionally [ ] Semi-religiously [ ] My unit is permanently fused to my hand. Which one? _____
8. How important is it to you to have the latest game technology?
[ ] Not important [ ] I test it, then buy it [ ] Will buy anything new
9. How often do you terrorize younger siblings or family pets?
[ ] Never [ ] Occasionally [ ] Regularly
10. Is there a personal computer in your home? [ ] Yes [ ] No
11. If yes, what good does it do *you*? [ ] Games
[ ] Schoolwork/word processing [ ] Education [ ] Electronic bulletin board [ ] Other: _____
12. How many hours per week do you operate this computer? _____
13. Do you collect/buy trading cards? [ ] Yes [ ] No
14. If yes, name your poison (check all cards that apply):
[ ] Baseball [ ] Basketball [ ] Football [ ] Hockey
[ ] Movies/TV/cartoons [ ] Rock musicians
[ ] Other: _____
15. How many cards do you have? [ ] Billions [ ] Hundreds
[ ] Dozens [ ] Some [ ] Not
16. What brand of trading cards do you buy most often?
_____
17. Which occupation would you find *most* unpleasant?
[ ] Door-to-door greeting card salesman [ ] DJ at an easy-listening radio station [ ] Shepherd [ ] *Roller Boogie*-style disco skating instructor [ ] Apiarist (beekeeper)
18. Do you play any musical instruments? [ ] Yes [ ] No, but I can whistle [ ] Can't even whistle, but am receiving therapy
19. If yes, what instrument(s) do you play? [ ] Guitar
[ ] Bass [ ] Drums [ ] Piano [ ] Sing [ ] Keyboards
[ ] Other: _____
20. Brand name of your instrument(s): _____
_____
21. Do you play in a band? [ ] Yes, we go by the name of _____
_____
[ ] No, but I listen to bands all the time
22. Do you take music lessons? [ ] Yes [ ] No
23. Which of the following music magazines do you read?
[ ] *Musician* [ ] *Guitar Player* [ ] *Guitar World* [ ] *Circus*
[ ] *Hit Parader* [ ] *Guitar for the Practicing Musician* [ ] *RIP*
24. If it was dropped from a second-story window, would you rather be hit on the shoulder by: [ ] A paper cup containing hot coffee [ ] A golf ball [ ] A cheese grater (metal) [ ] A flashlight made of clay
25. Are you daring enough to join a book/record/CD club?
[ ] Yes [ ] No
26. If yes, which one(s): _____
_____
27. What radio stations do you listen to?
[ ] Rock [ ] Classic rock [ ] Alternative/college [ ] Top 40
[ ] R & B/soul [ ] Other: _____
28. Name your favorite radio station: _____
29. Which music brings you listening pleasure?
[ ] Alternative [ ] Metal [ ] Hip-hop [ ] Classic rock [ ] Pop [ ] Elevator [ ] Other: _____
30. How do you buy your music?
[ ] Cassettes [ ] CDs [ ] 12" singles [ ] CD singles
[ ] Cassette singles [ ] Music videos
31. Will you still eat food after you've accidentally put too much salt on it? [ ] Yes [ ] No
32. How many tapes/CDs have you purchased in the last six months? _____
33. Where do yours come from? [ ] Record store [ ] Department store [ ] Discount department store [ ] Record club/mail order
34. And how *about* those blank tapes? How many blank tapes have you bought since October 23, 1991? _____
35. What types of tape(s) do you buy? [ ] Normal bias [ ] High bias [ ] Chrome [ ] Metal [ ] Low bias [ ] CD quality
36. Do you really even care what kind of blank tapes you buy? [ ] No [ ] Yes [ ] I'm more concerned about why you wanted to know how many tapes I've purchased since 10-23-91

37. Have you ever given an adult cat a bath? [ ] Yes [ ] No
38. What kind of sound system(s) do you own?
[ ] Portable stereo [ ] Portable CD player [ ] Car stereo [ ] Boom box [ ] Excellent home system [ ] Cheesy home system

PERSONAL APPEARANCE & *FAT ALBERT* TRIVIA

1. Before leaving the house, what do you make sure looks presentable? [ ] Hair [ ] Face [ ] Clothes [ ] Overall [ ] Nothing
[ ] Other: _____
2. Do you shave? [ ] Yes [ ] No
3. If you shave, what type of razor do you use? [ ] Disposable
[ ] Electric [ ] Cartridge system
4. Brand name of your razor: _____
5. What type of deodorant do you use? [ ] Solid [ ] Roll-on
[ ] Spray
6. What brand of deodorant do you use? _____
7. Fat Albert had a friend named Bill. What was Bill's little brother's name? [ ] Lefty [ ] Russell [ ] Mushy [ ] Bill 2
8. Fat Albert's friend Rooty had a trademark. What was it?
[ ] Flashy dresser [ ] Excellent driver [ ] Could bench press 210 pounds [ ] Spoke fluent Portuguese
9. To the best of your knowledge, what was that thing Fat Albert's friend Mushmouth wore on his head? [ ] Lamp shade [ ] Wool cap pulled down low [ ] A Big Wheel seat [ ] Viking helmet
10. You're out buying some new clothes. Who's with you?
[ ] You're on a solo mission [ ] Your friend(s) [ ] You're with a girl
[ ] You're with a girlfriend [ ] You're with your mom
11. Check the store(s) you lurk in when shopping for clothes:
[ ] The Gap [ ] Department store: _____
[ ] Merry-Go-Round [ ] Skate/surf shop [ ] Chess King [ ] Sisley
[ ] Salvation Army/thrift stores [ ] Oak Tree [ ] Banana Republic
[ ] Gitano [ ] GHQ [ ] Benetton [ ] Miller's Outpost [ ] Nautica
[ ] County Seat [ ] Cignal [ ] Club Monaco [ ] Trash & Vaudeville
[ ] Urban Outfitters [ ] In-Wear Matinique [ ] Structure
12. What do you look for in a good pair of athletic shoes?
[ ] How stylish they will make you look [ ] Technology (air pumps in shoe, etc.) [ ] Price [ ] Design/color [ ] Performance
[ ] Cool spokesperson
13. How many pairs of athletic shoes do you own?
14. Which brand do you wear most?
15. Who was *Fat Albert & The Cosby Kids'* favorite superhero?
[ ] Green Mantis [ ] Brown Hornet [ ] The Apple Dumpling Gang
[ ] Ian Ziering from *Beverly Hills, 90210*
16. If you own cologne, who bought your last bottle? [ ] I did
[ ] Someone else: _____
17. How many different bottles of cologne do you buy a year? _____
18. How many do you buy? [ ] Stick with one [ ] Use a couple different brands [ ] Have many bottles
19. Describe your dad's look: _____
20. Since you like jewelry so much, do you plan to buy your high school/college class ring? [ ] Yes [ ] No [ ] Already bought it
21. If so, will you do with it? [ ] Wear it [ ] Store it in a box
[ ] Give it to your girlfriend
22. Where's the most likely place you'd buy a class ring?
[ ] Jewelry store [ ] From the sales rep guy who comes to your school [ ] Pawn shop [ ] Gumball machine [ ] Other: _____
_____

MOTORCYCLES & CHEESE

1. Do you own a motorcycle? [ ] Yes [ ] No
2. If yes, is it: [ ] Road bike [ ] Dirt bike [ ] Broken
[ ] Other: _____
_____
3. Do you plan on buying a motorcycle this year? [ ] Yes
[ ] No [ ] New [ ] Used
4. What make/model of cycle do you plan to buy? _____
_____
5. How much would you spend to purchase motorcycle?
6. Because of its high milk content, cheese is a good source of:
[ ] Vitamin A [ ] Saccharin [ ] Aloe vera [ ] Trivia
7. Cheese is fully cooked when: [ ] It begins to smoke gently
[ ] It turns golden brown, just like the directions say
[ ] The moment it is melted [ ] It's raw

ABOUT YOU

1. Age: _____
2. Year in school (or year graduated): _____
3. Do you plan to continue your education? [ ] Yes, I'll finish high school [ ] Go on to trade school [ ] Go to college [ ] Graduate college [ ] Go on to post-graduate [ ] I'm finished with school
4. Do you work? [ ] Yes [ ] No [ ] Full-time [ ] Part-time
5. What do you do? _____
_____
6. Where did you get this magazine? [ ] Record store
[ ] Convenience store (7-Eleven, etc.) [ ] Comic book shop
[ ] Drugstore [ ] Bookstore [ ] Supermarket [ ] From a friend
[ ] Candy store [ ] Other: _____
7. What do you think of the name *DIRT*? _____
_____
8. Would you subscribe to *DIRT*? [ ] Yes [ ] No
9. If no, why? _____
_____
10. How would you define this magazine? _____
_____
11. What did you like best about this issue? _____
_____
12. What did you despise about this issue? _____
_____
13. What would you have changed if you were in charge? _____
_____
14. How many magazines do you read/buy per month?
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16. Name: _____
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FILMS (in reverse order): *Rush, The Butcher's Wife, The Take, Horseplayer, Drugstore Cowboy, Gleaming the Cube, Can't Buy Me Love, Plain Clothes, In the Mood, Ferris Bueller's Day Off, The Allnighter, Dummies, Vibes.*
TV: *TV 101, 21 Jump Street, The Oldest Rookie, My Two Dads, Home Fires* (Showtime miniseries), *To Race the Wind.*

Max in his rebuilt '39 Chevy Coupe. Photos: Spike Jonze.

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